

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 837



DEC. 12, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 837.—VOL. XXXII.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE TABLES TURNED—KING MILAN GOES BACK TO NIŠH—NOVEMBER 25TH
From a Sketch by Mr. F. Villiers, Our Special Artist with the Servians



A BULGARIAN BIVOUACK NEAR TSARIBROD
From a Sketch by M. Antoine Piotrowski, Our Special Artist with the Bulgarians

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA

Topics of the Week

OUR NEW MEMBERS.—Formerly, speaking broadly, the counties were Conservative, and the boroughs Liberal. Under the new régime the conditions are reversed. Modern Toryism is found to flourish exceedingly in big towns, and especially in the suburbs of big towns, in the Home Counties generally, and in Lancashire, which used to be so Radical. The Liberals, on the other hand, owe their victory, such as it is, to the mining and agricultural constituencies. Altogether, the composition of the new House (reference is here made to Great Britain only), considering that it is the offspring of another "leap in the dark," is decidedly promising. There is a commendable absence of visionaries, crotcheteers, and adventurers. The selections made by the county voters are, for the most part, remarkably satisfactory. They seem, as a rule, to be solid, respectable men, who, whether labelled Liberal or Conservative, may reasonably shake hands over many questions, and who, it may be hoped, are manfully resolved to maintain the honour and integrity of the Empire. Such intentions will certainly be approved by the new electorate, which, although it has chosen more Liberals than Tories, does not thereby express its approval of the wretched shilly-shally foreign and colonial policy of the Gladstone Government. It is to be observed with pleasure that there is a more than usual proportion of young men—that is, of men born since 1849—in the new House. This is a good thing, for in the old House—which was rather fogeyish—the Irish Irreconcilables owed much of their success to their vigorous youthfulness.

WHO OUGHT TO BE IN OFFICE?—Although the Conservatives have not secured a majority, no one doubts that Lord Salisbury has acted wisely in deciding to remain in office. If Mr. Gladstone were to accept the Premiership, the chances are that at the assembling of Parliament the Liberals would at once be defeated by a combination of the Conservatives and the Parnellites. It remains to be seen, however, whether Lord Salisbury has obtained a secure lease of power. If he tried to grant Mr. Parnell's demands he would probably be resisted by the whole of the Liberal party; and it is not at all certain that he would be supported by the majority of those who are at present his followers. On the other hand, if he resolutely opposed Mr. Parnell, the Nationalists would act with the Liberals; and the Conservatives would be "nowhere." The only sensible way out of the difficulty is, as recommended in our note on "The Nationalists," for the leaders of the two parties to negotiate, and come to an understanding on the Irish Question. If they can do that, Mr. Parnell and his phalanx will cease to be formidable, at all events as Parliamentary foes. And, to return to the question as to which party ought to be in office, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the Conservatives remaining where they are. They have succeeded to a thumping legacy of blunders and mishaps, yet thus far men of all political creeds admit that they have managed uncommonly well. The endeavour to solve the Egyptian difficulty is meeting with less Continental opposition than formerly; the Afghan frontier arrangement seems promising; Prince Bismarck is friendly; and, whatever foreigners may say about Lord Salisbury's policy as regards the Balkans, nobody finds fault with him at home. The Burma trouble has been settled very swiftly and quietly, whereas there are statesmen (they shall be nameless) who would have summoned a European Conference to decide what was to be done with King Theebaw. As for our colonies, if their opinion were asked, they would be unanimous in favour of the present Government staying in office. And their opinion will be echoed by the great bulk of merchants, manufacturers, and artisans at home.

MR. BRIGHT ON INDIA.—It is a pity that Mr. Bright never paid a visit to India. Even a brief sojourn would have prevented him from talking the mischievous nonsense to which he gave vent at Birmingham on Monday. It was not only that his extraordinary misconceptions were received by the audience as gospel truths, but the rigmarole will be paraded in the native Press as an acknowledgment by an English statesman of the highest rank that the Indian people labour under grievances which would provoke rebellion in Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. Those of the natives who are educated, from whose ranks the Indian delegates came, are perfectly aware, of course, that Mr. Bright's opinions no longer carry much weight among his fellow countrymen outside Birmingham. But the delegates will take very good care not to make that fact known to their less informed countrymen, and we venture a prophecy that this paltry oration will be quoted as proof positive that the people of India are "down-trodden" and shamefully oppressed. The audience at the Birmingham Town Hall were evidently of that opinion, judging from the shouts of "shame" whenever Mr. Bright made a point against our system of rule in Hindostan. Nor is it surprising that the Brums gave vent to their feelings in exclamations of indignation. The picture drawn by the orator of English "boys" going out as members of the Civil Service, to the exclusion of "matured" natives, and of the former quickly becoming judges on

splendid salaries while the latter are left out in the cold, was very "fetching." As a matter of fact, however, no "boys" can join the Civil Service, while the highly trained gentlemen who do so are a very long time before they reach the responsible positions and fat salaries which Mr. Bright assigns to them at first starting. Unless he is prepared to contend that the public service in India would be better performed by natives, a theory which he would scarcely care to advance, his cavilling at the present system is the merest clap-trap. Considering the sacrifice of their prospects at home, the arduous work they go through, the exhausting and unwholesome climate, the necessarily high expenses of living, and, except in the case of celibates, the enforced separation from their families, Indian Civil Servants are by no means over-remunerated.

THE NATIONALISTS.—Unless the bulk of the men who constitute the two great parties can resolve to let patriotism outweigh partisanship as regards the Irish Question, the immediate political future of this country will be in the hands of Mr. Parnell and his myrmidons. The Redistribution of Seats was settled by mutual suggestions and concessions. Why should not an attempt be made to solve the Irish difficulty in the same way? We say an attempt, for we are by no means sanguine that with all the goodwill and statesmanship in the world the difficulty can be solved. It sounds plausible enough to say: Why not place Ireland in the same position as New South Wales and Victoria? But this means that the local Government would control the police, and that the regular troops, whose functions in Ireland are really chiefly of a police-like character, would be withdrawn. Is there not too much reason to fear that if this were done the landlord class throughout the three Southern Provinces—who are, after all, not such hard-hearted grasping scoundrels as the Parnellites depict them—would be thrust bodily out of the country, if nothing worse? Would Englishmen stand by quietly and allow this to be done; or, if Englishmen suffered it, would Ulstermen? Could the Protestants of the North and the Romanists of the South sit with any possibility of agreement in the same House of Parliament, when Nationalist M.P.'s (*vide* Mr. Kenny's speech on Tuesday) talk of "the dog-faced Presbyterian clergymen of the North as their worst opponents?" Nevertheless, something in the direction of Home Rule must be yielded by Parliament, otherwise the admission of these eighty Nationalists to the Imperial Council at Westminster is a mere mockery. But how much will satisfy the malcontent Irish without dissatisfying the loyal Irish, the English, and the Scotch, is just what nobody seems to know.

BULGARIA AND RUSSIA.—It is not at all surprising that Russia still hesitates to sanction the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. When the Treaty of San Stefano was drawn up, she professed to be dominated by a disinterested desire for the welfare of the Bulgarian people; but what she really wanted was to create an outlying province of her Empire—a province through which it would always be easy for her armies to march to Constantinople. The Bulgarians, however, have shown that they do not wish to be practically subjects of the Czar, and that they are determined, if they can, to found a State which shall be able to make a good fight for the maintenance of its independence. The Russians, therefore, in resisting the proposed union, are acting only as they might have been expected to act; and we cannot hope that they will suddenly or willingly adopt a different course, even if King Milan should accept Prince Alexander's terms of peace. Should the union be ultimately effected in spite of Russian opposition, the results are likely to be extremely satisfactory. Russia will find it harder than at any previous period to carry on intrigues in the Balkan Peninsula, and it is possible she may have to abandon the idea of annexing any part of the Turkish Dominions. For a long time many politicians have held that the formation of a Great Federal State in South-Eastern Europe would be the best solution of the Eastern Question. Hitherto the chief difficulty has been that none of the Balkan nationalities seemed strong enough to take the lead in such a movement. Now there is at least a chance that if Bulgaria acts prudently she may succeed in asserting a right to the foremost place among her neighbours. It depends to a considerable extent on herself whether she will in the end be in a position to play in Turkey the part which has been played in Germany by Prussia.

SOUDAN COMPLICATIONS.—The irony of fate would manifest itself in a remarkable degree were a Liberal Government to come into power and have at once to confront a fresh set of Soudanese troubles. That the Arabs have no intention of adopting a "rest and be thankful" policy is as clear as anything can be in the enigmatic country they inhabit. Had it not been for the concentration of public attention here on the elections, the growing fermentation among the Soudan tribes would have formed the subject of many leading articles. According to the latest advices, there are some 8,000 of these fierce nomads now collected almost within gunshot of our frontier posts. What their intentions may be can only be guessed; they do not seem much inclined to come to close quarters, but neither do they show any present purpose of returning to their congenial deserts. There they are, and there they remain, daily increasing in numbers as recruits come up from the south. It matters little whether

starvation at home impels these hordes to advance northwards, or whether the motive force is fanaticism. We have to deal with the unpleasant fact that, for one reason or other, Egypt is threatened by a formidable enemy, and that, but for the presence of our troops, the son of the desert would soon lord it in the Cairo bazaars. Nor is the quickening of the Soudanese confined to the Nile Valley. Suakim the troublesome threatens to once more become a thorn in our side, the local tribes displaying a marked disposition to begin again the system of desultory night attacks which formerly proved so exasperating. It is almost a pity that we did not let Italy have Suakim instead of Massowah. The two ports are about equal in regard to the pestilential nature of their climate and surroundings; but our unfortunate soldiers would not have been harassed at Massowah by incessant guard duty. It is too late, however, to talk about that, as the peremptory action of the Italian Government in deporting the Egyptian Governor and garrison from Massowah indicates that they consider the port their own. Whether the Sultan will acquiesce in that view remains to be seen. If not, we shall have another Soudanese complication on our hands, it being unquestionable that the Italians went to Massowah at English instigation.

LONG AND SHORT SENTENCES.—Lord Coleridge has been rather "hauled over the coals" for his heretical utterances at the thieves' supper the other day. He said that a trivial offence still remained trivial, though often repeated, and that therefore it was rather hard that an old offender, who had never committed anything worse than such peccadilloes, should be sentenced to lengthened periods of seclusion. Lord Coleridge would be possibly right in his contention if the reformation of the criminal were the sole matter in question. But society is compelled to take a harsher view. It regards these constant offenders (petty though each separate crime may be) as public pests, and therefore it locks them up in order to keep their hands from picking and stealing. Our forefathers hanged them—a still more effectual process—but modern humanitarianism will not permit such a rude remedy as this. The Lord Chief Justice might with more reason have inveighed against the very disproportionate punishments allotted for offences against person and property respectively. In the legal news of Tuesday there is a forcible example of this. A fellow who deliberately stabbed two women, causing dangerous wounds, received eight months' imprisonment; while an elderly man who picked a lady's pocket in the Strand received five years' penal servitude, and three years' subsequent police-supervision. Of course the latter was an old offender, and probably, when he comes out, he will go on pocket-picking, being unable or unwilling to do anything else. It would really be cheaper either to hang such persons as this, or to allow them a pension under certain stringent conditions.

CROFTERS AND THE TORIES.—So many other subjects have claimed attention that most politicians have lately lost sight of the demands of the crofters. The crofters themselves, however, are as enthusiastic as ever, and we are likely to hear a good deal about them in the new Parliament. They have succeeded in electing three representatives, and the proposals of these gentlemen will probably receive the support of the majority of the Scottish members. Hitherto the Conservatives have carefully refrained from committing themselves to any definite plan for the settlement of this question. They declined to go on with the Crofters' Bill of the late Government, but they did so without saying that they either approved or disapproved of the measure. Now they have a chance of producing an excellent impression in Scotland, and it may be hoped that they will not miss so good an opportunity. That the crofters have real grievances was clearly proved by the Royal Commission which was appointed to make inquiry as to their circumstances. In the interest of the community as a whole it is in the highest degree desirable that there should be in the Scottish Highlands and Islands a hardy, prosperous, and contented population; and this object can be attained by concessions which would seem to Irish agitators ridiculously moderate. There is nothing in the traditions or principles of Toryism to prevent the Conservatives from dealing with the question generously and thoroughly, and they will be strangely imprudent, for their own sake as well as for the sake of the country, if they do not make a serious effort to accomplish a task which their predecessors ought to have accomplished several years ago. Should the matter be neglected, the agitation among the crofters may give rise to difficulties with which it will be hard for any Government to grapple successfully.

THE QUETTA RAILWAY.—It is good news, indeed, that the Quetta Railway has lately made rapid progress. This affords some sort of a guarantee that the line will not again be abandoned should the Liberals come into power. Lord Dufferin is evidently determined to guard against that contingency, so far as lies in his power, having already collected, it appears, most of the permanent way for the first part of the enterprise. It is reported, too, that 10,000 men are to be sent from the Lahore camp of exercise to garrison Quetta and Pishin, which are now our most important frontier stations. Like Peshawur, which used to have that *status*, both places are

terribly unhealthy. Matters will improve perhaps when proper barracks are erected, although it was found in the case of Peshawur that the replacement of the old thatched mud-walled shanties by palatial edifices of solid masonry rather increased the mortality. Good drainage, not only of the barracks themselves, but of all the adjacent localities, is the only real remedy in these cases, and we trust it will be resorted to at Pishin and Quetta without waiting for the troops to be decimated by disease. As soon as the line through the Bolan Pass is completed, the constructors will have comparatively few difficulties to surmount so far as Quetta. But beyond that place many serious obstacles present themselves, while the Khojak Amran is so formidable that a detour will probably be made should the railway ever be carried on to Candahar. Once, however, we have the line open and in good working order to Pishin, we shall be able to take our leisure over the rest. Herat has been so strengthened that there is no longer any danger of the fortress being captured by a *coup de main*, while, were the Russians to sit down to a regular siege, we could move up a relieving force from Pishin, supplemented by the Ameer's troops from Candahar and Khelat-i-Ghilzai, before the place fell.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, the last of a Series of Four, showing the Humours of Electioneering in Bygone Days.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. —TO-NIGHT (Saturday) at 8 o'clock, LOUIS XI. (last time). Louis XI. Mr. Henry Irving.

FAUST.—SATURDAY, Dec. 19, FAUST, adapted and arranged by W. G. Wills from the first part of Goethe's Tragedy, will be produced on Saturday evening, December 19. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Martha, Mrs. Stirling; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry.

NOTICE.—The Lyceum Theatre will be closed on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open as usual Ten to Five—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight, the new play, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Alton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices:—Private Boxes, 41 rs. to 49 rs.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 2s. Box Office 9.30 to 10.50. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF HOODMAN BLIND EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Doors open 1.30.

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MONDAY, December 7, to SATURDAY, December 19.
Food in Process of Manufacture.
Preparation and Decoration.
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Preserved Foods.
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THE PRESENT WEEK WILL BE THE LAST
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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
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TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL
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And containing the following subjects.

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Illustrated by Eighteen Sketches

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THE ADVENTURES OF FINCHER.
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By W. SMALL, R.I.

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Price ONE SHILLING. Parcels Postage, 3d. extra.
An ÉDITION DE LUXE is also issued, Price ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. Parcels Post, 3d. extra.



THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR

THE main portion of our sketches this week are from our Bulgarian artist, and refer to the events of the 23rd ult., when the victorious Bulgarians emerged from the Dragoman Pass and crossed the Servian frontier. For six days the two armies had been fighting most desperately, the Bulgarians slowly but inevitably forcing back the Servians, who, for their part, stoutly contested every inch of ground yielded. On Sunday, November 22nd, there was a most sanguinary battle, which resulted in a most decisive victory for the Bulgarians, who drove the invaders from all the heights commanding the Dragoman Pass. The Servians, then giving up the contest, retreated upon their own frontier, the fighting lasting until nightfall. Next day, November 23rd, the Bulgarians, who bivouacked on the positions taken from the Servians, resumed the pursuit, and another severe battle ensued, the Servians being once more defeated, and the Bulgarians reoccupied Tzaribrod on the frontier, the first position taken by the Servians, and whence, but a few days before, King Milan had started forth on his ill-fated campaign. The Servian line of retreat is stated to have been the scene of a series of sanguinary combats, the Bulgarians carrying position after position, until their enemies were fairly driven across the frontier. Our sketches show the victorious progress of the Bulgarians throughout the day, from the time they left their morning quarters in the Dragoman Pass to the evening, when they bivouacked on the Servian frontier. One of M. Piotrowski's sketches, however, refers to some manoeuvres of the Bulgarian cavalry before Prince Alexander at Mala Timova. The men are practising the dismounting drill, in which the horses are trained to lie down at word of command, and form a bulwark for their riders, over which they can fire their carbines. The discipline and bravery of the Bulgarian troops has completely taken the world by surprise. They show a gallantry and dash in attacking the Servian entrenchments which carries all before them, and it is said that in some cases the Servians abandon their positions simply on hearing the shout of "hurrah" with which the Bulgarians begin their onset. To turn from the victors to the vanquished, one of Mr. Villiers's sketches shows King Milan on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 25th, riding back to Nisch from Pirot, upon which the Bulgarians were then advancing. Seeing that Pirot was lost the King hurried back to Nisch in order to look to the defences of that important position. Next day there was a general stampede of the inhabitants of Pirot, who thronged the road to Nisch, flying from the Bulgarians. The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes from Nisch:—"Far into the night the creaking of carts continued, and the piteous cries of the occupants were unceasing. About two thousand came in during the day and night. Seventy-five per cent. of them I regret to state were wounded in the

hands, which were mostly minus the trigger finger, showing that some of the men have as little stomach for fighting as in the war of 1876." King Milan has now issued a Royal order threatening with condign punishment all who thus mutilate themselves in order to avoid military service.

FUNERAL OF KING ALFONSO

DON ALFONSO DE BOURBON, King of Spain under the title of Alfonso XII., died on the morning of November 25th, at seven minutes past nine, in the Palace of the Pardo, which is distant about two leagues from Madrid.

The next day the body was embalmed, and on the 27th was brought with all ceremony to the Palace at Madrid. The hearse bearing the body was drawn by eight black horses from the Royal stud farm at Aranjuez. Alongside the hearse were grandees of Spain, four major domos, and two huntsmen. An endless stream of Royal, official, and private carriages followed, the garrison of the Pardo, with arms reversed, covered the roadway, and behind the troops stood immense crowds of men and women, nearly all dressed in black.

At La Florida, a mile from Madrid, the procession was met by various official bodies, among them deputations of the grandees of Spain, in the quaint uniform of their rank.

The cortege entered Madrid amid the tolling of church bells, and the thunder of cannon. Vast crowds assembled; nearly every man's head was uncovered, and many of the women wept. The tokens of sympathy and sorrow were unmistakable.

Then, the body having been conveyed into the Palace, and placed in the Column Chamber, which was fitted up as a *chapelle ardente*, the multitude slowly and quietly dispersed. In this Chamber the body of the King lay in State, the public being admitted to view it, until the morning of the 29th, when it was taken, with much ceremony, from the Palace to the Northern Railway Station. The Minister of Justice and a large number of high officials accompanied the procession through the crowded streets, which were lined with troops.

At 1 P.M. the funeral train reached the Escorial Station, and, with a similar ceremonial to that observed at Madrid, the coffin was escorted to the King's Court of the Monastery. Here the Minister of Justice, removing the coffin-lid, said, "Huntsmen of Esjinos, is this the body which you received on the death of Alfonso XII.?" "The same," replied the chief huntsman. "Do you swear it?" "Yes, we swear it."

The lid was then closed, and the coffin was borne to the centre of the nave of the church forming part of the monastery, where a solemn burial service was celebrated by the Bishop of Madrid before some 2,000 persons. Finally, the mortal remains of Don Alfonso were placed in the Pantheon, on a temporary stand, until their permanent resting-place can be prepared.

THE "EUMENIDES" AT CAMBRIDGE

THE Cambridge play this year is a singular, as well as a signal, success; for somehow the least modern of Greek tragedies has been made even more popular than those previously put on the stage. The plot of the *Ajax* is almost Shakespearian; the *Birds* is a rattling extravaganza. Both these had much in their favour, while the *Eumenides* (the conclusion of a trilogy) is severe in plot and old Greek in sentiment. Yet, thanks to good scenery, appropriate music, and, above all, to careful and intelligent acting, it carried the house with it. Much was due to Athene (Miss Case, of Girton). Robed in delicate white, she filled her part to perfection. For a moment the dark hair, so contrary to tradition, staggered one's faith; but when she spoke, in clear tones fitting the calm majesty of her mien, one felt she was indeed the goddess. Mr. D. N. Pollock, too, made an excellent Apollo, though his was far the harder part. Gods nowadays are nothing if not wholly superhuman; yet Apollo has to protest, and lift up his voice in appeal, like a mere mortal on his trial. He was at his best, perhaps, when driving out the Furies; but it is unfair to compare him with Athene, passionate in her divine, never-ruffled calm. Most noticeable was the management of the Furies-scenes. It could not but be risky, even with Dr. Stanford's music, to represent the "abominable maidens" by stalwart undergrads, with ash-besprent faces, sham snakes round their arms, grey wigs, to which red gauze streamers were supposed to lend an unearthly glare, Robin Hood boots, and blue-black tunics (made in Cambridge)—report said in Mr. J. W. Clark's household, with cross-belts of fire-coloured spangles. Yet the effect throughout was thoroughly tragic. One never thought of the garb while those glorious choric songs were going on, of which the charm was that all sang and acted as one, so perfect had been the training, so clear was each one's conception of the part. The chief Fury, indeed, did so well in dialogue that we should divide the palm between Miss Case and Mr. S. M. Leathes, did we not remember Mr. A. R. Macklin's admirable Orestes, what agony he put into his face in the opening scene, and how all through the trial his every tone was an echo of the sense. Very striking was the scene where Clytemnestra's ghost comes into Apollo's temple to wake the Furies. The tossing limbs and writhing bodies of the sleepers, the strange sounds they uttered like the moans of dreaming dogs, the terribly earnest form which roused each one with an appeal that ended in taunts—all this came perilously near the farcical; yet it was so well done as to be enough in itself to ensure the play's success. Most impressive, again, was the closing tableau, the long procession of aged judges, citizens, and reconciled Furies passing down towards the cave which henceforth these "well-minded ones" were to inhabit, leaving Athene in the light of her glory alone on the stage. At each representation very mixed audiences were delighted—and no wonder.

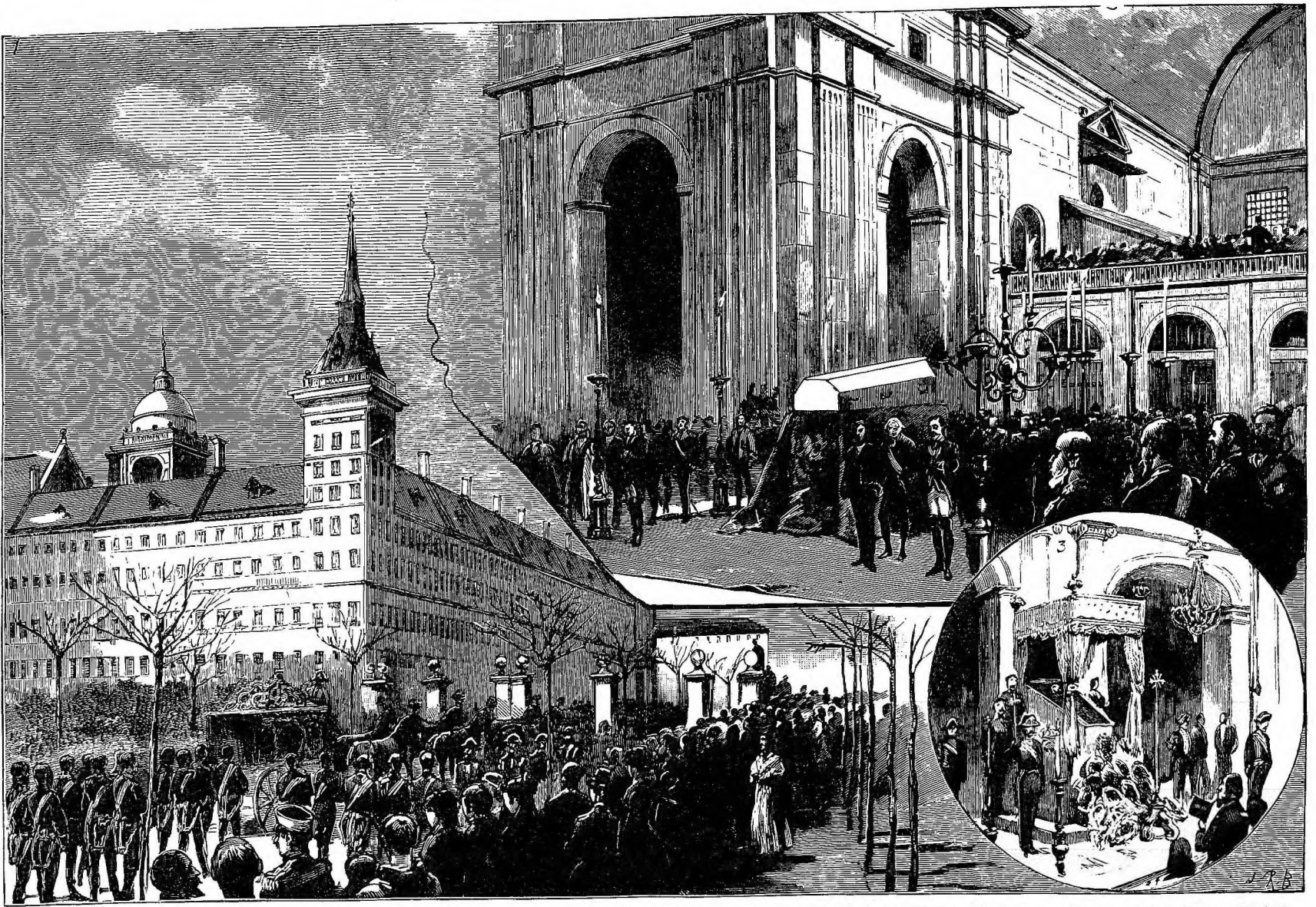
H. S. F.

THE GWALIOR FORTRESS

AN interesting ceremony took place on the evening of December 2nd, when a special Durbar was held at Gwalior for the purpose of announcing the restoration of Gwalior Fort to the Maharajah Scindia. Lord Dufferin made a graceful and effective speech, and the Maharajah replied in suitable terms. The story of the fortress may be briefly told, as follows. Scindia was a minor when, in 1843, he was placed in power by the East India Company. We therefore retained the fort in our possession, but ten years later, when the Maharajah came of age, it was made over to him. Then followed the Great Mutiny. Scindia's troops revolted, and he lost the fort. It was gallantly recaptured by the late Lord Strathnairn, and since then we have held it in our possession. But in 1860 Lord Canning promised to restore the fort to the Maharajah "as soon as it could be done with safety," and since then the desire to regain possession has gradually become a dominant passion with Scindia. Several incidents occurred which added to the soreness of his feelings. Some old buildings within the fortress were pulled down and new barracks erected, and, worse still, some military martinet even refused to admit the Maharajah into what he considered was his own fort. Consequently, he hammered away persistently at his grievance, and the Government of India, which has for years desired to meet Scindia's views, has at last felt itself in a position to carry them into effect. The fact is that the extension of the Midland Railway has perfected our communications, and it will now be feasible to abandon Morar (a very unhealthy station) and to restore Gwalior Fort, while forming a new military cantonment at Jhansi, which is far superior, both as regards sanitary and strategic considerations, to Morar.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

See page 649.



1. Arrival of the Funeral Procession at the Monastery of the Escorial.—2. Mass in the Church of the Escorial.—3. The Lying-in-State in the Salle des Colonnes, at the Palace, Madrid
THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SPAIN



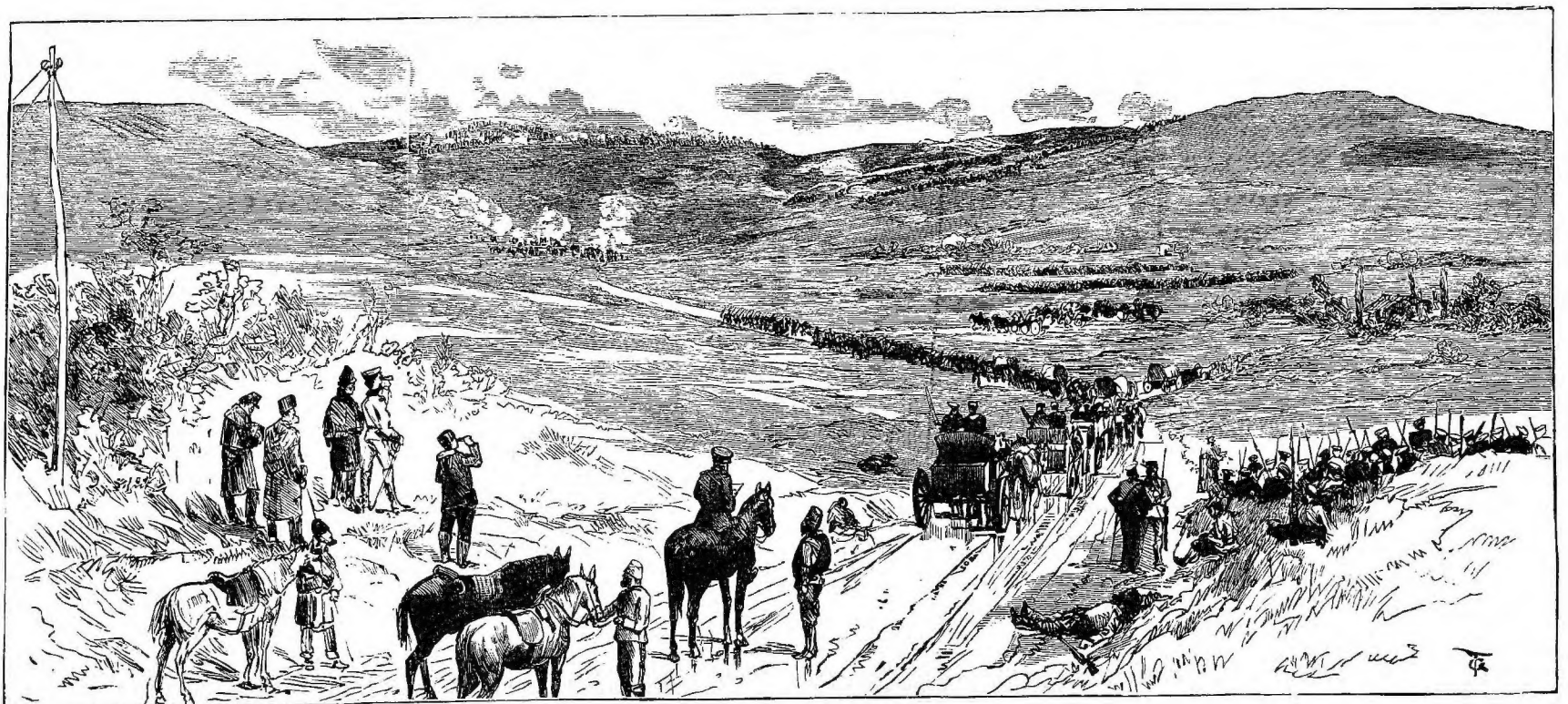
THE "EUMENIDES" OF ÆSCHYLUS, PERFORMED BY UNDERGRADUATES AT CAMBRIDGE



THE DRAGOMAN PASS, RECAPTURED BY THE BULGARIANS, NOVEMBER 22ND



THE BULGARIAN HEAD QUARTERS AT THE DRAGOMAN PASS ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 23RD



THE BATTLE OF TSARIBROD, NOVEMBER 23RD

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA
FROM SKETCHES BY M. ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIANS

ELECTIONEERING IN THE OLDEN TIME, IV.

See pp. 653 *et seqq.*

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 657.

THE CITY OF MANDALAY

ALL praise is due to General Prendergast and his gallant little force, but none would admit more readily than they that the speedy overthrow of King Theebaw's power was in a large measure due to the fact that the Burmese metropolis was so easily accessible. To Europeans who have not visited the East, the Irrawaddy is an unknown river as compared with the Ganges, yet it is absolutely larger, and far more navigable. Mandalay is situated nearly 500 miles by river from Rangoon, yet even during the dry season steamers of 200 tons can pass up thither.

Mandalay is a more modern city than Chicago. It has superseded two previous metropolises, Ava and Amarapura. In 1855 its site was occupied by fields and jungle; the population is now about 65,000. The removal was effected in 1860 by the late King, the site of Amarapura being regarded as too cramped.

Mandalay occupies a great plain extending from the Irrawaddy to the foot of the hills. A space, measuring some five miles each way, is laid out in wide rectangular roads, which are fairly lined with human habitations. In the centre of this extensive suburban area lies the city proper, a huge square, each side of which is a mile long. This square is surrounded by a high brick wall, with a machicolated parapet and bastions at stated intervals, these bastions being crowned by tapering pavilions of the "joss-house" character. Outside the wall there is a deep moat, 150 feet broad. The city has five gates, each of which is reached by a bridge thrown across the moat. Although the streets are continuously lined with houses, there are large open spaces in the rear. Mandalay is essentially an airy and well-ventilated city. There are no drains, no slums, and very few stenches.

The Royal Palace occupies the central space of the city. It is almost entirely of woodwork, and was brought piecemeal from Amarapura, and re-erected in Mandalay. The front is covered with gold-leaf and tawdry tinsel-work which has become weather-worn and dingy. The official quarter of Mandalay, which consists of the Palace, arsenal, magazine, and Mint, are enclosed in an inner central square, protected by a strong teak stockade, and inside this again, at intervals of a hundred feet, there are two brick walls.—Our engraving is from photographs lent to us by M. Tarbett Fleming, 191, West George Street, Glasgow.

Our portraits of the new Members of Parliament are from photographs as follows:—Mr. G. H. Allsopp by F. Bennett and Son, Worcester; Mr. J. Gibson, Q.C., by Adam Sauvy, 64A, Patrick Street, Cork; Mr. Hugh Holmes by Robinson, 65, Grafton Street, Dublin; Mr. Morgan Howard, Q.C., by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street; Messrs. James Watson and L. J. Jennings by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; Mr. A. A. Baumann by F. Viner, 110, Southwark Park Road, S. E.; Hon. Bernard Coleridge by A. and G. Taylor, Derby Road, Nottingham; Mr. H. S. King by Sarony, 37, Union Square, New York; Mr. T. L. Bristowe by Negretti and Zanbar, Crystal Palace; Mr. W. Saunders by Turner and Drinkwater, Anlaby Road, Hull; Mr. John Addison by Lafosse, Higher Broughton, Manchester; Colonel F. Bridgman by Dickinson, 124, New Bond Street, W.; Messrs. Wilson Lloyd and W. H. Fisher by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.; Sir Roper Lethbridge by Vandyck, 29, Ladbroke Grove Road, W.; Mr. W. Mather by J. Mudd and Sons, 10, St. Ann's Square, Manchester; Mr. E. Bagallay, by Franz Baum, 4, Brook Street, Hanover Square; Mr. R. S. Blaine by Lambert, Bath; Mr. C. T. Murdoch by S. V. White, Castle Street, Reading; and Mr. G. Baden-Powell by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, 12, Baker Street, W. The portrait of Mr. A. Hickman is from a lithograph.



THE GENERAL ELECTION.—At the time of going to press the decision of the constituencies of the United Kingdom has been virtually given. Only two constituencies remain to be polled next week. In the new House of Commons there will probably be 333 Liberals, 251 Conservatives, and 86 Nationalists. Over the Conservatives alone the Liberals will thus have a majority of 82, while the Conservatives and Nationalists if united would have a majority of 4 over the Liberals. Since our last issue the successes of the Liberals in the counties continued to compensate them for their losses in the English boroughs. The votes of the agricultural labourers have undoubtedly done much to aid the victory of the Liberals at the county elections, and Hodge has obtained a direct triumph of his own in the return of his champion, Mr. Joseph Arch, for the North Western Division of Norfolk, by a majority of 640 over the Conservative and aristocratic candidate, Lord Henry Bentinck. Among other gains the Liberals have established themselves in such counties as Shropshire, Cheshire, Lincolnshire, Monmouthshire, and Essex, which returned none but Conservative members to the last Parliament. Among Liberal defeats in the English counties are those of two members of the late Government, Sir Farrer Herschell, ex-Solicitor General, in the North Lonsdale Division of Lancashire, and of Mr. Caine, ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty, in the Tottenham Division of Middlesex, which county has, like neighbouring Surrey, given a solid Conservative vote. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, too, has been rejected by the Cuckermouth Division of Cumberland, though the majority against him was only ten. Still more extraordinary, Sir H. Watkin Wynn, despite his claim to be regarded hereditary "King of Wales," has been ousted by the ex-Judge-Advocate-General, Mr. Osborne Morgan, from Denbighshire, which his family have represented for 150 years. Sir Matthew Ridley White, also, who was regarded as proximate Conservative candidate for the Speakership, has been rejected by the Hexham Division of Northumberland, while the Premier's son and heir, Lord Cranborne, has secured, after one of the most stubbornly fought contests of this General Election, by a majority of only five, the seat for the Darwen Division of Lancashire, formerly included in the division represented by Lord Hartington.—North of the Tweed the Conservatives have lost both North and South Ayrshire, but, on the other hand, they have achieved a signal success in carrying two seats in Lanarkshire, the chief industrial county of Scotland, Mr. Pearce, a member of the Royal Commission on Trade Depression, being one of the victors. Another division of Lanarkshire has rejected Lord Henry Lennox, who migrated from Chichester to try his chance there.—In Ireland there is every prospect that Mr. Parnell's boast will be realised, and that he will have under his orders in the new House of Commons a complete and formidable phalanx of at least eighty-five Nationalist members.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT made a jubilant speech at Lowestoft on Monday. The most striking of the Conservative successes he attributed exclusively to the Irish vote. Turning to the future, he did not think it desirable that the Liberals should be in a hurry to eject Lord Salisbury, since, before the Government was ejected, it would be better that it should be thoroughly found out. He added, in language more expressive than refined, that he wished the Tories to stew for a few months in their Parnellite juice until they stank in the nostrils of the country.

POSSIBLY SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT would not have spoken so contemptuously of the Parnellite alliance had he read previously the statement of Mr. Parnell when interviewed by a correspondent of the *Boston Herald* (U.S.), which was published in the newspapers on the same morning as the report of Sir William's speech at Lowestoft. Mr. Parnell said that he expected the settlement of the Irish Question to come from the Liberals. On their acceptance of his terms, he could give them at once a majority of 170, which, even if there were considerable defections from their ranks, would be sufficient to enable them to deal with the Irish and every other question; whereas the Conservatives cannot, Mr. Parnell said, even with his aid, get more than a bare majority, and would always be hampered by the action of their followers from Ireland.

SIR CHARLES DILKE made two speeches on Wednesday, the tone of both of which was in striking contrast to that of Sir William Harcourt. At a dinner of the Chelsea Club he spoke significantly of the present as a time when politics were more dissociated from party than at any previous period within his memory, and he could not see why at that moment they should not very heartily support the Government in carrying measures on the main points of which they seemed very heartily agreed. Sir Charles's other speech was made at a Conference on the question of Local Government, when Sir Charles Dilke said that he should be very happy to give his warmest support to the efforts of the present Government to deal with this question in the next Parliament, and from the point of view of Advanced Liberalism he did not see why that support should not be given ungrudgingly.

SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK, M.P., has been elected President of the Newspaper Press Fund, in place of the late Lord Houghton.

MR. H. S. HALLETT has been lecturing on the practicality of establishing a railway connection between India, Burma, Siam, and China, a question on which the success of the expedition to Upper Burma bestows special interest. Among the inducements for establishing such a railway connection referred to by Mr. Hallett were the two salient facts that, although the population of British Burma is only one-fortieth of that of Hindostan, it has one-tenth of the whole Indian trade; and that Upper Burma, which, since the rebellion of the Burmese Shan States, has scarcely a million of inhabitants, still carries on with us a trade of about three millions sterling.

THE SUGGESTION HAS BEEN OPPORTUNELY MADE that the new street from Piccadilly Circus to New Oxford Street, and that from Charing Cross to Tottenham Court Road, should be named after the late Lord Shaftesbury and the late General Gordon respectively.

THE ANTI-RENT MOVEMENT IN IRELAND is assuming formidable dimensions, and is being ingeniously organised. In some parts of the country the tenants on an estate tender a small portion of their rents, and when this is refused they pay it into a bank, to serve as a defence-fund to defray the costs of any of them against whom the landlord may take legal proceedings.

THE DEATH, IN HIS FIFTY-FIRST YEAR, is announced of Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, Special Commissioner for the Protected Territory in New Guinea, who entered the Engineer Corps in 1854, served in the trenches before Sebastopol, afterwards in India during the Mutiny, and at Melbourne superintended works of defence for the colony of Victoria. He acted for some years as military adviser to the Agent-General for Victoria in London, and as Commissioner of Defences for five of the Australian colonies. In the October of last year he was appointed to the difficult post the duties of which he was discharging when he died of jungle-fever on board ship, while proceeding from Cooktown to Townsville.

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death, suddenly in his forty-eighth year, of Colonel the Hon. W. R. Trefusis, son of the nineteenth Lord Clinton. He distinguished himself in the Sudan campaign, and was the Conservative candidate for the Northern Division of Devonshire. In his seventy-eighth year, of Sir Alexander Reid, Bart., formerly a merchant in Brazil, where, during a quarter of a century, he acted as Consul-General for the Argentine Republic; in his fifty-eighth year, of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Calderwood, Lanarkshire; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Thomas Chapman, senior director of the London and Westminster Bank, with which he had been connected for nearly forty years, and many years Chairman of Lloyd's; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. Joseph Beaumont, the well-known Chancery barrister (said to be a lineal descendant of Francis Beaumont, the Elizabethan dramatist), who was Chief Justice of British Guiana from 1863 to 1868, when he resumed practice at the English Bar, and actively assisted the Conservative party, especially of late, as Chairman of the Richmond, Kew, and Petersham Association; and of Mr. John Ralph, barrister-at-law, Secretary of the Church Defence Institution, and previously editor of the *Yorkshire Post* for the first fifteen years of its existence.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,544 deaths were registered, against 1,610 during the previous seven days, a fall of 66, being 209 below the average, and at the rate of 19.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 1 from small-pox, 69 from measles (a rise of 7), 12 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 58 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11), 16 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 4), 2 from chronic diarrhoea, and not one from typhus fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 410, a decrease of 70, and 69 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths, 46 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,656 births registered, against 2,422 the previous week, being 25 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 44.8 deg., and 3.0 deg. above the average. Rain fell on five days of the week, to the aggregate amount of 1.14 inches. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 4.1 hours, against 7.7 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



THE interest that was awakened by the announcement that the veteran author of *Box and Cox* had provided Mr. Toole with a new three-act comedy has happily not been fated to end in disappointment. Mr. John Maddison Morton, whose name as a successful writer of farces was so familiar in the ears of the playgoing public a generation ago, is, we are glad to say, not only in the land of the living, but able to hold his own with the lighter playwrights of the day. *Going It*—such is the title of the new piece, with which Mr. Toole and his company opened their winter season on Monday last—does not, it is true, exhibit any great power of invention. It is simply a farce of just three times the length to which farces were invariably limited in the days when Mr. Morton was best known to the stage; and it relies for much of its bustling mirth upon expedients which are not altogether unfamiliar. But it moves on briskly, awakens laughter, and has moreover the advantage of exhibiting Mr. Toole in the character of old Cossett under the most

favourable conditions. There is genuine drollery in the mode in which this quiet country gentleman, being induced to come up to town to look after a "scapegrace" son, is "sucked" into the vortex of London gaieties. To see Mr. Cossett, senior, absolutely looking young again under the inspiring influences of these gay, albeit somewhat indecorous, dissipation is rare fun. The comedy is well played all round, Mr. Ward as the scapegrace son, and Mr. Shelton as a sour and peevish pretender to the hand of a young lady, contribute two good character sketches; while Miss Blanche Wolseley makes a winning heroine, and Miss Emily Thorne as a comely widow, and Miss Eliza Johnstone as her servant, are not less successful in their respective ways. Mr. Morton, who is a genial and vigorous gentleman, in his seventy-fifth year, received the honour of an enthusiastic call; and Mr. Toole at the close of Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Theodora*, which follows in the programme, delivered an amusing address to the audience.

The report that Mr. Will's version of *Faust* at the LYCEUM would be produced on the 16th inst. was not, it appears, very far wrong after all. Such was, we believe, the intention, but many things affect a manager's plans, and it is now definitely announced that this piece will see the light on Saturday, the 19th inst. The theatre will remain closed, on and after Monday next, till that date. That Mr. Irving will play Mephistopheles and Miss Ellen Terry Margaret scarcely needed the sensible and true avouch of the Lyceum bill; but we now learn that the part of Martha falls to Mrs. Stirling. Admirable actress as this lady is, the character of the coquettish widow who ventures to ask her mysterious gallant, "Hat sich das Herz nicht irgendwo gebunden?" seems to demand a less matronly presence. But possibly Mr. Will's Mephistopheles may not descend to "sportive tricks" or gay flirtations. The garden, however, is said to have occupied much of the attention of the scenic artists.

It appears that out of the several novelties which Mr. Wilson Barrett is known to have in preparation at the PRINCESS's the new romantic drama which that popular actor has written conjointly with Mr. H. A. Jones is to have the precedence.

A new burlesque on the theme which furnished Wagner with the subject *Der fliegende Holländer* was brought out at the NOVELTY Theatre on Wednesday evening with, however, no very great success. Mr. Whyte Edgar, the author of *Vanderdecken*; or, *The Flying Anglo-Dutchman's Penny Steamer*, has furnished many clever songs and choruses, but his two acts are eked out with a great deal of rather purposeless extravagance. Miss Atherton's songs and mimicries were, as usual, clever and diverting. On the other hand Mr. Lionel Brough failed to extract much fun out of the interpolated character of a Bank Holiday Excursionist of the 'Arry type; and Mr. Edouin in petticoats was more boisterous than amusing.

The Parsee Victoria Dramatic Company, with a number of natives artisans and exponents of the Industries and Pastimes of India, such as Dancing Girls, Nautch Girls, Acrobats and Gymnasts, Jugglers, Snake Charmers, &c., have arrived by the steamship *Clan Ogilvie*, and will open at the Gaiety on the 19th inst. They will later on act, in conjunction with the artisans, in the new exhibition, "India in London," about to be opened at the Portland Hall, Langham Place, W.

Mrs. Lane announces her benefit at the BRITANNIA on Monday next. The popular "Britannia Festival" will, as usual, be a great attraction.

THE CHRISTMAS ANNUALS AND CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

NEARLY fifty Christmas numbers are published in London this year. Of these many are extra numbers of weekly journals, and many are annuals. Two or three years ago, when dealing with this mass of literary matter, we called attention to the total absence from all these Christmas numbers of the Christmas spirit which the genius of Dickens popularised, and which, at the same time, he exhausted. This year there is no sign of a revival of that spirit. It is evident that we must await another genius to give a fresh direction to the Christmas sentiment. At present there is no such sentiment; at least, there is none to be traced in the Christmas publications. Taken as a whole, these are but ordinary stuff. No great writer now uses the Christmas annual as a vehicle for a message to the people. But there is one respect in which, from year to year, a great improvement is to be noted, and that is in the quality of the illustrations. Especially is this improvement to be noted in the important department of children's annuals. On these is now bestowed an amount of care which would have amazed our fathers. Graceful fancy, accurate drawing, and fine printing unite to produce pictures for the nursery which can scarcely be surpassed.

Among the annuals that of the late Mr. Fergus claims first attention. "Slings and Arrows" (Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual) is disappointing. The subject was a difficult, even a dangerous, one to treat, and the story is not so original or so well executed as "Called Back." It is a strong melodramatic tale, but not one to bring a writer into sudden fame.—From Mr. R. E. Francillon we always expect a strong and healthy tale, full of incident and honest love. This year he has had the co-operation of Mr. William Senior, and "The Golden Flood" (Grant and Co.'s Christmas Number) is an excellent story. Villainy is successfully unmasked, and the hero and heroine are saved from the flood which drowns the murderer, Jacob Tuck.—"The Gentleman's Annual" contains only one story, "A Barren Title," by T. W. Speight. It is a clever tale. To lay it down unfinished when once begun is scarcely possible; and, if one important part of the plot seems to be borrowed from a favourite comedietta, that does not make it less interesting.—"Belgravia Annual" consists, as usual, of a collection of tales and verses of very varying merit. Mr. Grant Allen is scarcely up to his usual level in "In Strict Confidence." Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mr. Frank Abell all help to raise the number a little above commonplace.—"Hood's Comic Annual" is particularly good this year, especially in its illustrations. These have a finish and refinement not usual in comic periodicals. Mr. Gordon Thomson's drawings especially have spirit and sparkle. "The Ladies' Parliament" and "Portraits of Eminent Persons Painted by Themselves" are capital.—J. S. Winter's Annual, "In Quarters," is one of those rattling tales of soldiers' life which the public have learned to thoroughly appreciate. It is a tale of the "Black Horse Dragoons," and introduces some fine manly fellows. J. S. Winter should, however, look more carefully to his style. "If a chap wanted a good turn doing for him" is very curious English.—Of the other annuals little need be said. "The Mistletoe Bough," edited by Miss Braddon, has several short stories, mostly erotic; Mrs. Campbell Praed, in "The Brother of the Shadow" (Routledge's Christmas Annual), handles with skill the psychic theories which theosophy has popularised; Mr. Stuart Cumberland (the same gentleman, we believe, who was once notorious as a "thought-reader") is responsible for "The Rabbi's Spell" (Warne's Christmas Annual), a not very clever story of adventure in Russia, printed on most distressing blue paper.—"Diprose's Annual," "Beeton's Annual," and the Christmas Number of *London Society* deserve no special notice.—"Father Christmas: the Children's Annual," by May Bowley, contains a number of most delightful drawings of fairies. The artist shows how the fairies tried to dress like fashionable mortals, and what distress and trouble came of it. This is one of the best annuals for children.—"The Theatre Annual" is filled, as usual, with short stories, reminiscences, and

verses by eminent actors and others connected with the stage. It is an entertaining number, but much might be done to improve the quality of the portraits.

The Christmas Number of *Harpers' Magazine* is a magnificent shillingsworth, excelling in all the characteristic features which have made the magazine famous. The most elaborate article is "The Nativity in Art," illustrated with examples from many great masters. Mr. Edwin Arnold contributes some fervid verses from the Sanskrit; but a selection from so many articles would merely degenerate into a list of names.—Both *The World* and *Truth* are chiefly remarkable for the excellence of their illustrations, which consist of caricatures of well-known public characters.—*Vanity Fair* shows an attempt to return to the old-fashioned Christmas number, in which each one of an assembled company tells a story. Many of these tales are very amusing; all are done with a bright and lively touch.—Among the other shilling Christmas Numbers are the *English Illustrated Magazine* and the *Art Annual*. The latter is devoted to the life and works of Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Being filled with good reproductions of many of this great painter's best known works, this annual is sure of wide popularity. The accompanying letterpress is from the pen of Mr. W. Armstrong. The *English Illustrated* contains no less than twelve full-page engravings of the highest class. Mr. H. W. Lucy's article on the House of Lords, illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, is admirable, and the most amusing thing in a number which is of more than average merit.—Best among the sixpenny numbers is that of the *Court and Society Review*, which opens with "Olalla," a new story by Mr. R. L. Stevenson. It is one of the most perfect things that Mr. Stevenson has ever given us, and higher praise than that we cannot bestow. Stories by Mr. P. B. Marston, Mr. Francillon, and Mr. George Moore complete a number of exceptional interest, which contains besides a fine portrait of Sir F. Roberts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind.—Mr. Walter Besant occupies the whole of *All the Year Round* with a capital story called "Self, or Bearer."—*Society* is weak in its little stories; but strong in its cartoon by Mr. Phil May.



THE TURF.—The various statistics of the flat-racing season show that Hermit is once more the most successful sire, his stock having won over 30,000. Mr. R. Peck, chiefly owing to the success of The Bard, has landed more than 22,000. worth of stakes, nearly double his innings last year, the Duke of Westminster being well up with nearly 15,000. In the case of jockeys it is a case of Archer first and the rest nowhere, that popular horseman having surpassed himself by riding 246 winners out of 667 mounts. C. Wood is again second with 155, and G. Barrett comes next with 112.—There has been little racing this week, owing to the frost, which caused the meetings at Kempton Park and Leicester to be postponed. The Sandown Park Meeting concluded on Saturday with some good racing, the chief events being the Great Sandown Steeplechase, won by Mr. Jay's Gamecock, and the Selling Hurdle Handicap, in which Mr. W. Gardner secured both the first and second places with Man of War and Roderick Dhu. At Kempton Park on Tuesday frost made it impossible to use the steeplechase course, and the Selling Steeplechase Plate and the Middlesex Steeplechase were postponed in consequence. The Open Hunters' Flat Race was won by Captain Middleton on Pattern, but an objection was afterwards lodged against him for wrong description of age. Mr. Homfray's colt Monolith won the Sunbury Maiden Hurdle Race.

COURSING.—The Four Oaks Park Meeting commenced on Tuesday, when, in spite of the remains of the frost, there was some good sport. Next day, however, the ground was like steel, and the meeting had to be postponed.

BILLIARDS.—The knights of the cue do not seem affected by the weather, most of the cracks being engaged in matches. Roberts is giving Coles 4,500 in a 12,000 up spot-barred match, and has compiled a break of 425. North and Mitchell are playing even 10,000 up spot-barred for 100/, presented by Messrs. Gatti, while Cook is conceding 1,000 to Peall in a similar match at the Royal Aquarium. Last week, Roberts, who has not lost a match this season, easily defeated Bennett, Peall beat North in a match for 200/. a side, the former contributing a "record" break of 919, and White beat Lloyd by over 3,000 points.

ROWING.—The Trial Eights Race at Cambridge came off on Saturday, and resulted in a win for Mr. Bicknell's crew after a good struggle. The corresponding event at Oxford takes place on Saturday. Both Universities seem to have no lack of promising material for the Putney race.

FOOTBALL.—At the Association game Glasgow has beaten London. Blackburn Rovers have defeated Darwen Old Wanderers for the English Cup, but in a friendly game have been beaten by Great Lever, who in their turn succumbed to North End. Rugby-wise Glasgow has beaten Edinburgh, the Victoria University has been defeated both by Oxford and Cambridge, while after a splendid game Blackheath has beaten Richmond.

CRICKET.—The meeting of County Secretaries took place on Tuesday last at Lord's, when the usual fixtures were arranged, in spite of a report that a fifth Australian team was coming over. Lancashire have made up their differences with Notts and Kent, and it has been decided that each first-class county shall play a "home-and-home" match with some second-class county.



ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

ALTHOUGH several of its members are not exhibitors, the winter exhibition of the old Society contains an average amount of interesting matter. It need scarcely be said that its attractiveness is mainly due to the efforts of the landscape and marine painters. There is nothing by Mr. F. Powell, but Mr. Henry Moore has some sea studies of remarkable excellence. The largest of them, entitled "Sandy Afloat—For the Newhaven Packet" has evidently been very rapidly painted, but it is full of tone, and conveys a stronger impression of movement in sea and sky than his more finished pictures. Scarcely, if at all, inferior to it are the fresh and breezy sea view "Off Home with the Siller," and the vigorous and richly-coloured sketch of a dilapidated "Old Boat Ashore." Mr. A. W. Hunt sends only two very small drawings. One of them, representing the town of "Warkworth" obscured by mist, is highly finished and full of delicate gradation of colour, and the other is a less elaborate but not less truthful study of "Warkworth Sands." Besides many fresh and vigorous out-door sketches of Sussex scenery Mr. R. Thorne Waite has a finished drawing of undulating downs, "Kingsley Vale," that by its truth of aerial effect and refinement of style reminds us of Mr. H. G. Hine's manner of treating similar subjects.

Miss Clara Montalba has again found in Venice and the Low Countries materials for many drawings and studies, all dexterously

handled and true in local colour. The view on "A Canal at Middelburg," with a group of picturesque barges moored in the foreground, strikes us as an especially good example of her work. It is well balanced in composition, full in tone, and at the same time luminous. A landscape with small figures by Mr. C. Gregory, called "The Fringe of the Common," is marked by extreme accuracy of detail and finished workmanship, but it lacks homogeneity and keeping. It is in everyway superior however to his ill-composed and crude drawing of "Topsam Ferry."—An autumnal scene by Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, "The Leaves were Falling to the Littered Ground," is distinguished by careful draughtsmanship and accuracy of detail rather than by general truth of effect.—Mr. S. J. Hodson's view of the market place at "Trèves," with well grouped and characteristic figures in the foreground, is thoroughly artistic in treatment as well as true to local fact.—Mr. T. Danby's "Loch Earn, Perthshire," Mr. E. A. Goodall's "Off Dort, Holland," Mr. Matthew Hale's "The Lough at Rest," and Mr. A. D. Frapp's "Lee and Morthoe Point, Devon," are good examples of their respective styles.

Landscape and figures are harmoniously combined in Mr. Tom Lloyd's large harvest scene, suffused with warm evening light, entitled "The Golden Grain." The prevailing colour is a little monotonous, but the composition is excellent and the figures are true in character and natural in action.—Sir John Gilbert is represented by a drawing of mediæval warriors crossing a shallow river, "The Ford," in his most flamboyant style; and a smaller "Sketch" of a somewhat similar subject remarkable for its artistic moderation and subdued harmony of colour.—Mr. H. S. Marks's skill in depicting individual character is seen in a very highly wrought little picture "The Postman." A less elaborate drawing by him represents a lady reading on a terrace with a group of red-legged cranes beside her. The birds are better than the lady. The only work by Mr. H. Wallis is a small composition of two figures, "In the Bazaar, Smyrna," glowing with brilliant and well-harmonised colour, but not otherwise interesting. Beside it is a small head of a Nubian boy, "Hassan Ali," by Mr. Carl Haag, very animated in expression, and forcibly painted. A large picture representing a party of eighteenth century naturalists on the sea shore, "The Conchologists," by Mr. H. G. Glindoni, belongs to the region of farce rather than comedy. The actions of the figures are overstrained and their gestures exaggerated. A series of nearly thirty drawings and sketches by the late Mrs. Mary Forster Lofthouse are included in the collection; some of them seem to have been produced at a very early period of her career, but the majority show great technical ability as well as true artistic instinct. A sketch of picturesque old houses at Norwich, and a river scene, "Le Bac, Caudebec," are among the best.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE last few exhibitions at the Suffolk Street Gallery have derived a considerable amount of freshness and vitality from the pictures of Mr. Whistler and some much younger painters, whose works like his bear evidence of French training. This novel element is more prominent in the present collection than on any former occasion. There is nothing by Mr. Whistler so strikingly life-like as his portrait of Señor Sarasate that appeared here in the spring; but the half-length of "Master Stephen Manuel" is in his most restrained and best manner. The various grey tints in the costume are of fine quality, and well chosen to give value to the glowing colour of the flesh. The larger "Portrait of Mrs. Casati" is in every way inferior to it, especially as regards colour. Mr. W. T. Dannat, an American artist, whose pictures at the Paris Salon have attracted much attention, has a vigorously-handled life-sized study for part of a picture, and two half-length portraits, charmingly childlike in expression, and painted with unobtrusive strength. That of "Miss Eva Haviland" is an especially good work, more refined in colour than the other, and in better keeping. Mr. W. Stott seems likely to be a valuable acquisition to the Society of which he has very lately become a member. His gloomy interior, "Portraits of My Father and Mother," shows that figure painting is not his strong point; but his large and impressive landscape, "Moonrise," is a work of rare ability. It is distinguished by broad simplicity of effect, and subtle beauty and truth of tone, and is remarkable, moreover, for its distinct individuality of style. In no way does it recall the work of any other painter. Besides the pictures already mentioned, Mr. Whistler sends a series of small suggestive studies, "Notes," "Harmonies," and "Caprices," some of the slightest kind, mere memoranda of effects of colour, and others conveying an impression of natural effect. This artist's followers also appear in considerable force. Although the source of his inspiration is very obvious, Mr. Walter Sickert shows some originality and a good sense of colour. Mr. Mortimer L. Menges, in several very small single figures, and Mr. Sidney Starr, in two or three landscape studies, have very successfully imitated Mr. Whistler's technical method.

In a large picture of "A Wood Nymph" gracefully seated on the ground, Mr. T. B. Kennington shows great ability in a branch of art in which the English school does not excel. The head strikes us as just a little too large, but the youthful figure is drawn and modelled in a way that M. Bouguereau, whose work it somewhat resembles, has seldom surpassed. In colour the picture is superior to anything by the French master. Mr. Arthur Hill's "Eöthen," representing a maiden clad in a robe of cobweb-like hue and texture that does not conceal the graceful contour of her figure, is distinguished by accuracy of design and refined beauty of form. Mr. H. G. Glindoni has infused a great deal of animation into his picture of a little drummer-boy leaving his home, called "For England's Glory." The story is clearly told, the attitudes of the two principal figures being natural and expressive. Above this hangs a picture by Wally Moes, a Dutch painter, called "His Mother's Prop," and representing a boy leading a little girl by the hand, and carrying a still smaller one. It resembles the work of Israels in its simplicity and truth of character, as well as in its rugged handling. Mr. Leslie Thompson has a large pastoral scene, "The Skylark," true in effect, and treated in a refreshingly simple, unaffected manner; and Mr. E. Ellis two sea-coast views, "Entrance to Peel Harbour" and "The Village on the Cliff," forcible in effect, and in the main true, but over-black in the shadows, and rather coarsely painted. Mr. C. Thornely's fresh and luminous "Dutch Mills," Mr. Percy Sturdee's view in Brittany, "Le Repas du Soir," Mr. E. Aubrey Hunt's "Cloudland," and Mr. Percy Belgrave's low-toned "A December Afternoon," are among the best of a large number of landscapes of small size.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AT VENTNOR.—At this season, when numbers of persons are more than usually inclined to open their purses for charitable purposes, we venture to call attention to the claims of the above institution. Since the winter began eighteen beds have been added to the accommodation of the Hospital, notwithstanding which ninety patients are now waiting to enter. A further block, containing rooms for more than thirty patients, is now approaching completion. As purity of air is a most essential requisite for consumptive persons, the ventilation has recently been improved at great cost, and every patient has a separate bedroom of ample size. Money is urgently needed for these requirements, the more especially because during the last three years the regular subscriptions have shown no appreciable advance. Donations or subscriptions, therefore, will be thankfully received by the Chairman, Herbert C. Saunders, Esq., Q.C., at the offices, 34, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.



THE POPULATION OF BERLIN has increased by 200,000 within the last five years, and now numbers 1,316,302.

JOAN OF ARC is SHORTLY TO BE CANONISED. Meanwhile the Maid of Orleans is to be styled "Venerable" by devout Catholics.

OTTER HUNTING has been introduced in France, where hitherto the sport was unknown. An enthusiastic Gallic sportsman was so delighted with an otter-hunt in England that he imported a pack of British otter hounds, and has quite set the fashion in his neighbourhood.

MILAN CATHEDRAL has been desecrated by a suicide—the second case within a few years. A man shot himself behind the high altar, and the Archbishop was obliged to suspend all services, extinguish the altar-lamps, and close the cathedral for a few days, until he could solemnly re-bless and re-consecrate the building.

AFGHANS have a perfect mania for any old rag of uniform, so say the members of the Boundary Commission. Happy is the Afghan who wears the British private's red tunic, and all kinds of regiments are represented by the soldiers in Herat. Ammunition boots are equally in demand, and sell for over double their original price.

GALLIC ART AMATEURS are not encouraged to make gifts to the State by the reception accorded to the six pictures which a number of Parisian connoisseurs bought to present to the national collections. The French Government has rejected three—the asserted Botticelli, representing the Virgin at the Well, and two Flemish paintings—as being unworthy to hang in a public gallery.

COMMUNISTIC DOCTRINES ARE TO BE PUT INTO ACTUAL PRACTICE by a philanthropic Ohio brewer, who has determined to divide the large fortune he has amassed by trade among the workmen who have helped to earn his wealth. He will incorporate his business, and make every one of his employes equal stock-holders, thus introducing co-operation in its widest aspect.

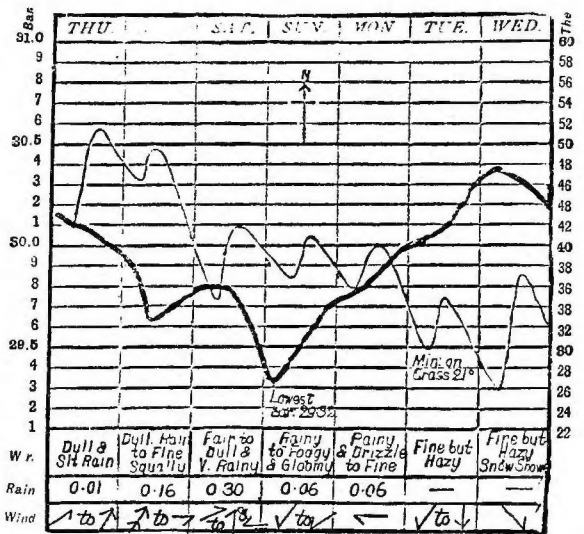
KING THEEBAW OF BURMAH was a great patron of the drama in his late palmy days, and introduced a curious method of rewarding the actors. Before the King a table was placed bearing a number of silver imitation cocoa-nuts filled with jewels, pearls, and rings of various value. The King then called each actor to the table and bade him choose one of the cocoa-nuts, the player taking his chance as to the worth of the contents.

THE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, has now been thoroughly coated with paraffin, and will thus, it is believed, successfully resist the bitter Transatlantic cold which has so greatly damaged the obelisk during the last few winters. A mass of scales and good-sized particles loosened by atmospheric influence were taken away from the Needle previously, and the only apparent difference made by the paraffin coat lies in the darker colour of the stone.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SWISS ALPS has cost 134 lives during the last quarter of a century. Of these victims eighty were tourists, forty guides or porters, eleven workmen journeying over the heights, two St. Bernard monks, and one was a crystal-seeker. Most of the fatal accidents arose from slipping on rocks or grass, avalanches were the next chief cause, while the deaths from falls over precipices, or through thin ice, and from exhaustion were about equal. Many disasters, again, were due to imprudence, for in sixteen cases the climbers were not roped, no guides were taken in twenty-eight instances, and on twenty-two fatal occasions the mountaineers knew nothing of the state of the snow. Mont Blanc was ascended 673 times between 1859 and 1875, and twenty-five of these ascents proved fatal—about one death to every twenty-six ascents.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1885.



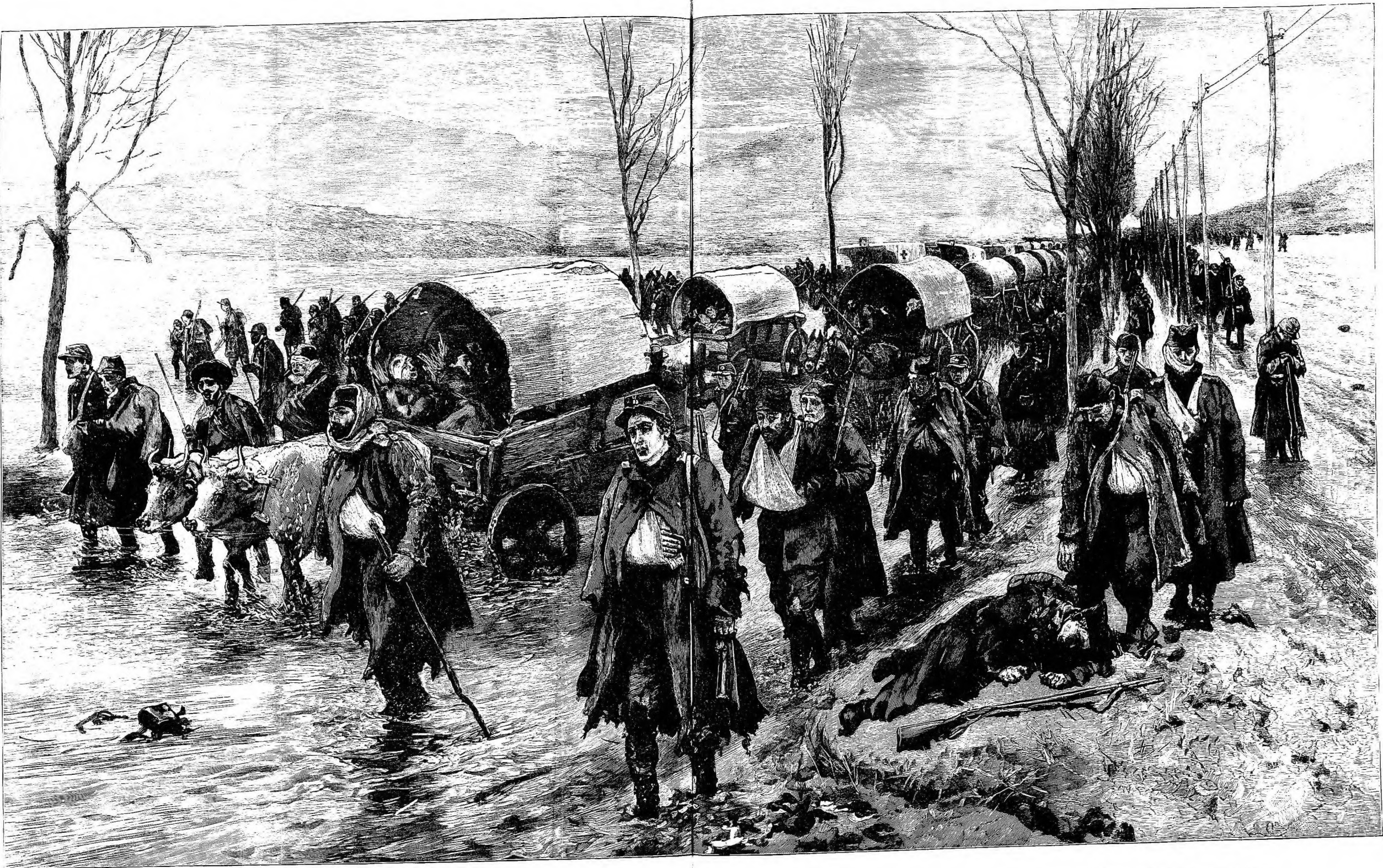
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was changeable, dull and rather rainy at first, but fair and dry towards the close. Snow fell frequently in Scotland, and at some of our Eastern Stations, and lightning has occurred over Great Britain. At the opening of the period pressure was highest over France, and lowest over Norway, and thus Westerly winds were general throughout the British Islands, with dull misty weather in most places. The barometer, however, had begun to fall quickly, and the wind to back at Valentia, and in the course of the ensuing forty-eight hours a very deep depression had travelled from off the West of Ireland across the North of Scotland to Scandinavia. During its progress heavy gales (chiefly from the Southward or South-Westward) were felt on our Western and Northern Coasts, and fresh gales in the East and South, with a very general fall of rain. In the rear of this disturbance on Saturday (5th inst.), the barometer rose and a temporary improvement in the weather was shown generally; but as another depression advanced along our Southern Coasts from the Westward in the course of the day (see sharp fall in accompanying diagram), Southerly or South-Easterly gales were experienced at our South-Western Stations, and heavy rain fell all along the track of the disturbance. As this depression moved away Eastwards the barometer again rose generally, and by Monday (7th inst.) an anti-cyclone lay off our Western Coasts; and at the close of the week the centre lay over Ireland. Rather steep gradients were now formed over our South-Western Coasts (an area of low pressure lying off the extreme South-Western of our islands), and while Northerly winds prevailed over the more Northerly parts of the Kingdom, Easterly or North-Easterly breezes were experienced in the South, with dry and searching cold weather generally. Temperature was considerably above the average at first, but equally below at the close of the week; to-day, Wednesday (9th inst) the minima were below the freezing point at all but one or two of the Irish Stations.

The barometer was highest (30.39 inches) on Wednesday (9th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Sunday (6th inst.); range 1.07 inches.

The temperature was highest (52°) on Thursday (3rd inst.); lowest (26°) on Wednesday (9th inst.); range 26°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.59 inch. Greatest fall on any one day (0.30 inch) on Saturday (5th inst.)



"Carts were loaded with household goods and with women and children. Toward's the afternoon the stream of carts became almost continuous, but they were now filled with the wounded. . . . Several hundred men came limping on foot, others were trudging through the mud with their arms in slings."—*Daily News*.

THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA—THE SERBIAN RETREAT ON NISCH, NOVEMBER 26

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE SERBIANS



THE negotiations between SERBIA and BULGARIA have been continued throughout the week, but up to the time we are writing with no definitive result. Serbia replied to the Bulgarian demands by reiterating her former proposals, either that both forces should remain in their present positions until the conclusion of peace, or that they should retire within their respective frontiers. Prince Alexander very naturally refused to agree to this, and insisted upon the withdrawal of the Servian troops from before Widdin. A dead lock was thus threatened, and more warlike rumours again began to prevail, but Austria once more taking the lead sent Count Khevenhüller to Nisch, and together with Russia and Germany brought strong pressure to bear upon Prince Alexander at Pirot, with the result that while the Prince holds to his propositions, he intends to appeal to the Powers if King Milan definitively refuses them, and thus practically to refer the matter to their arbitration. It is stated that Austria and Russia are prepared to occupy Serbia and Bulgaria respectively to prevent a resumption of hostilities, and that they are using very decided language to both combatants. It is certain that neither Bulgaria nor Serbia are desirous of concluding peace, the former being anxious to pursue their advantage, and the latter to retrieve their losses. Thus during the interval both sides have been making strenuous preparations to continue the conflict. The Servians have been calling up and massing their reserves under the command of General Horvovich, while the Bulgarians have advanced their army, and stationed their outposts before the Servian fortified posts. Turning to the broader question the union of the two Bulgarias is now almost universally accepted as a foregone conclusion. The two Ottoman Assistant Commissioners have been received at Philippopolis, but have evidently been impressed with the very firm attitude of the Roumelians, and their determination to remain under Prince Alexander's rule. Thus the Commissioner-in-Chief, Djeydet Pasha, still remains at Constantinople, and the Porte have now sent Madjid Pasha to assist Prince Alexander in concluding peace, one of King Milan's objections to Prince Alexander's proposals being that negotiations could only be legally carried on with the Porte.

IN FRANCE the question as to whether Tonkin shall or shall not be retained is still the uppermost topic. Colonel Herbinger is expected home in a few days, and then more revelations and recriminations may be expected. Meanwhile his friends stoutly aver that he has never been given to drink. The general feeling is in favour of the retention of Tonkin, and there is a strong impression that the misfortunes which have occurred there are solely due to the want of agreement amongst the military authorities. It is also felt that instead of encouraging traders and business men, the officers in command regard and treat them as "tripoteurs" (swindling adventurers), and that this is the chief reason there is so little commercial and colonial enterprise amongst Frenchmen. M. Bavier Chaffour, to whom M. Jules Ferry accorded some mining concessions, makes the most bitter complaints with regard to this, contrasts the favourable conduct of the British Colonial administrators, both civil and military, towards their merchants and traders, and sarcastically reminds his own countrymen that the British have entered Mandalay without losing ten men, while Tonkin and Annam have overflowed with French blood. Another burning topic is the Presidential Election, which will take place shortly after the Chamber has settled the Tonkin vote. M. Grévy is still considered to be certain of his election, the only objection brought forward being his advanced age. It is said that should he not obtain a sufficiency of votes to avoid a second ballot, he will retire in favour of another candidate, in all probability M. de Freycinet. The Chamber has invalidated three Bonapartist elections on the ground of undue clerical influence, and has agreed by a large majority to "take under consideration" further Protectionist duties on corn.

PARIS has been suffering from a severe snap of cold, there being a heavy fall of snow on Tuesday morning. In theatrical circles much interest has been aroused by the production at the Français of a one-act comedy, in verse, by M. Theodore de Banville, entitled *Socrate et sa Femme*. In this the Philosopher's domestic troubles, owing to the bad temper of Xantippe, are amusingly depicted, the verse being alternately humorous and tenderly pathetic. M. de Lesseps' horse fell with him in the Avenue de Montaigne on Sunday. The robust octogenarian was only slightly hurt, and attended a meeting of the Académie that afternoon. A little girl, under M. Pasteur's treatment, has died of hydrophobia. As, however, thirty-six days had elapsed between the time she was bitten and the day she was brought to M. Pasteur, this fatal result is quite in accordance with his theory. Four children are coming over from the United States to be treated by M. Pasteur. They have been bitten by a mad dog, and are being sent by public subscription, accompanied by their doctor to watch the treatment.

IN SPAIN there has been absolute tranquillity, neither Carlists nor Republicans showing any sign of active hostility to the Queen-Regent and her little charge. Señor Castelar, however, has published his views. He disbelieves in Regencies, or long minorities, which have always brought trouble to Spain, and advocates a Liberal-Conservative Republic, such as that established by M. Thiers in France. In many circles the question of a matrimonial alliance between little Queen Mercedes and Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, is being discussed as a means of ending the dynastic war, but no actual proposition to this effect will be entertained until after the accouchement of the Queen-Regent, lest Queen Mercedes should be supplanted by a boy King. Meanwhile the Queen-Regent was to hold her first reception yesterday (Friday), when she would give audience to the various Ambassadors who have been sent by foreign States to represent them at the funeral service to be held for the late King, at the Church of San Francisco to-day (Saturday). There have been solemn requiem masses for the repose of the late King's soul throughout the provinces in Spain. The Cabinet have decided to issue a general amnesty for political offences, officers actually in command during a rebellion only being excepted.

IN EGYPT last week there was a most determined attack by the Arabs on our outposts at Ambukol. The enemy appeared to be in great force, and brought with them two Krupp guns, with which they fired upon the Nile steamer *Lotus*. The enemy, however, were repulsed by our garrison, which only numbered fifty men of the Berkshire Regiment and the Engineers. The post has now been strongly reinforced, and the enemy have retired again—for the present, and are said to be entrenching their positions. As some active "winter manoeuvres" appear to be likely, General Stephenson has gone to Wady Halfa, and the Buffs are expected shortly to be ordered to the front. From Cairo there is little news, save that Sir H. D. Wolff has been ill, but is now better. Desultory fighting still goes on at Suakim, where the last achievement of the rebels has been to carry off twenty-five camels from an outpost of the Madras Cavalry. Some surprise has been felt at the decided action of the Italian Government in taking over the government of Massowah, and sending the Egyptian garrison and the civil officials to Suakim.

IN BURMA all is quiet, and British authority is as yet unopposed throughout the country. The disarmament of Mandalay has been

effectually carried out, and the city is stated to be quiet, with the exception of occasional raids by dacoits in the suburbs. The inhabitants are generally resuming their business, and trade is reviving. The Ministers are maintained in power, and appear to be loyal—actively assisting the British officials in disarming the native inhabitants. An enormous quantity of arms has thus been given up, but as the palace was in a great measure looted on the morning of the British occupation, the treasure found is small, with the exception of the Crown jewels. Seven of the King's sisters were released after having suffered six years' captivity. General Prendergast has issued another proclamation to the Burmese, declaring that until the "will of the Empress" be known the civil and military administration remains in his hands. He desires, however, the aid of the Ministers, Governors, and other officers of State now in office, who wish to remain loyal to the British Government. Priests will be allowed to continue their religious duties, and all persons will be unmolested, provided they remain quiet and peaceable. Every effort will be made to repress crime, and any one injuring or ill-treating a British subject will be severely dealt with. The telegraph between Minha and Mandalay is being repaired, and is expected to be in working order in another week. The King arrived at Rangoon on Sunday, and was at once transferred to the transport ship *Clive*. A number of Burmese lined the banks, but there was no demonstration of any kind. The general opinion, both in India and Burma, is almost unanimous in favour of annexation, but up to the present no sign of what policy will eventually be adopted has been made by the authorities.

IN THE UNITED STATES Congress has been opened with the usual Presidential Message. In this the foreign relations are stated to be satisfactory, though President Cleveland alludes to the difficulty with Austria with regard to her refusal to accept Mr. Keeley as Ambassador. He refers to the United States having taken part in repressing the Panama troubles, and then declares that he will not submit the Nicaraguan Canal Treaty for ratification, as "we do not favour a policy of acquiring distant territory and the incorporation of remote interests." The Tehuantepec Ship Railway, however, he thinks worthy of consideration. Going abroad again he holds that, despite the signatures of the American delegates to the Congo Treaty, the United States does not regard its liberty of action impaired, and that any engagement to enforce neutrality on the "remote Congo" would be an alliance "the responsibilities of which we are not in a position to assume." Turning to France, he hopes for the removal of the vexatious prohibition on American pork; and, alluding to Great Britain, he declares that the "marked good-will" between that country and the United States is maintained, recommends a Commission to settle the Fisheries Question, trusts that an enlarged Extradition Treaty would soon be secured, and states that a more definite boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia is needed. Of home affairs, the chief subjects are Free Trade and the Silver Question. Regarding the former, he states that, "the revenues exceeding the actual needs of the public service, the Government favours the reduction of the import tax on necessities." As to the coinage of silver, he strongly advocates its discontinuance for the present, declaring that only 50,000,000 of the dollars coined under the Silver Act (which compels the coinage of 2,000,000 dollars monthly) are in circulation, 165,000,000 dollars lying idle in the vaults of the Treasury. The increase of the Navy is warmly urged, as well as some legislation touching the succession to the Presidency, in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President. The Senate has elected Mr. Sherman its President, who thus, owing to the death of Mr. Hendricks, becomes Vice-President of the United States. The House of Representatives has elected Mr. Carlisle as its Speaker. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the well-known Railway King, died suddenly on Tuesday.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from AUSTRALASIA that the federation of Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania is now an accomplished fact, and the first meeting of the Federal Council will be held at Hobart on Jan. 25th; but South Wales and New Zealand still hold aloof.—In PERU the hostile parties have concluded a basis of peace. The rival generals, Caceres and Iglesias, nominated a joint commission, which has appointed Señor Sanchez, formerly Minister of Justice, to be Provisional President until the new elections have been held.—GERMANY has been celebrating the 70th birthday of the painter Adolf Menzel, and the Berlin Academy has arranged for an exhibition of his works. There is some talk of the marriage of the Crown Prince of Portugal with the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Prince Imperial of Germany.



THE Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg spent Saturday with the ex-Empress Eugénie at Farnborough Hill, returning to Windsor for dinner. The Duchess of Albany, who had been staying at the Castle with her children, left for Claremont, while the Prince and Princess of Leiningen with their daughter arrived on a visit. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Canon Curteis preached, and on Monday Prince and Princess Leiningen left. In the afternoon the Duke of Abercorn had audience of the Queen to deliver up his late father's insignia of the Order of the Garter, and Her Majesty also received Lord Salisbury, and the retiring and the new Turkish Ambassadors. Later Prince Christian, the Earl and Countess of Bradford, and Viscount and Lady Georgiana Curzon joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went to Bagshot to lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Henry drove from Bagshot to visit the ex-Empress Eugénie before returning to Windsor with Her Majesty. The Queen goes daily to see Princess Christian, who makes very little progress, and is still confined to her room. There will be the usual family gathering at Windsor on Monday to commemorate the anniversary of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice's death, and later in the week the Queen goes to Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's party at Sandringham broke up at the end of last week, the Duke of Cambridge remaining till Saturday. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Duckworth preached, and on Monday the Prince came up to town to see the Cattle Show. The Prince and Princess will shortly visit the Earl and Countess of Leicester at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, and afterwards the Prince will stay with Lord Rendlesham at his Suffolk residence.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Teck at Eastwell, and on Saturday they drove over to Canterbury to visit the Cathedral. The whole party came up to town on Monday, when the Duke went to the Cattle Show, and the Duchess in the evening accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Teck to the Haymarket Theatre. Next evening the Duchess of Edinburgh went to the Olympic Theatre, while the Duke played at a concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the Bow and Bromley Institute.—The Duchess of Connaught's accouchement is expected early in March.



THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, in a recent address to his Diocesan Church helpers, said that the people did not exist for the Church, but the Church for the people; and it was their duty to make the Church as good as they possibly could. There must be Church Reform. He was against the admission of the lay element into Convocation; but he considered that their lay brethren should have more voice in the management of the Church than at present. There would doubtless, the Bishop added in elucidation of this remark, be some Acts of Parliament passed establishing a lay body with which should rest the initiation of changes in Ritual, of presentation to a benefice, and perhaps, under some circumstances, of compelling the resignation of livings under pensions.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON has accepted the Presidency of next year's Church Congress.

THE REV. W. H. P. RICHARDS, Rural Dean and Vicar of Isleworth, Middlesex, has been collated to the Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, vacant by the death of the late Dr. Currey.

ONE OF THE ORGANS of the Church Missionary Society intimates that, while its receipts are looking very well, the benefactions and legacies are 14,000l. below what they were last year, and that many liberal gifts between now and March will be needed.

THE REV. DR. PARKER, of the City Temple, is so seriously indisposed, that his medical advisers have forbidden him to preach during the present month, at least.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-third year, is announced of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Pinnock, Vicar of Pinner, Watford, a voluminous writer on ecclesiastical law and usages, among his works being the "Laws and Usages of the Church and Clergy," in five volumes, and a copious contributor to Biblical and educational literature. He was the editor of "Pinnock's Catechisms of the Arts and Sciences."

WRITING in favour of Free and Open Churches, the Bishop of Chichester says that "the result of the County Poll ought to teach us that the farm labourer justly resents his virtual degradation in the Church which is his own. Village churches are more exclusive than parish town churches; the poor are thrust into corners. So we have said and preached, but the dull weight of inveterate abuse always prevails."



THE OPERA.—We last week briefly announced the Carl Rosa scheme of English Opera to be held at Drury Lane in June. *Guillaume de Cabestan* will be the chief novelty, conducted by Mr. Mackenzie, and with Mr. Maas in the chief part. It is not unlikely that slips of the leading melodies will be circulated before the performance. Mr. Carl Rosa himself hopes this season to take his share of conducting.—Nothing is yet decided about Covent Garden, but it is understood that Mr. Gye has by no means abandoned the idea of an Italian Opera season with Madame Albani.—Mr. Mapleson, despite his reduction of the price of the best seats to eight shillings, suddenly stopped his Italian Opera season in New York on the 27th ult., and is now touring the American provinces. In New York he was confronted with both German and American opera. He declares he will not return to the Academy of Music until he has sufficient control over the house to secure proper rehearsals. He is wise. Dates are, it is said, to be booked for a provincial tour in the English provinces next autumn.—In Liverpool Mr. Carl Rosa has issued the prospectus of a five weeks' season, to begin Jan. 4th, a longer term, by the way, than London is likely to enjoy. Mr. Rosa promises Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, Maillart's *Fadette* ("Les Dragons de Villars"), besides *Nadeshia*, *Nanon*, *Almon*, *Figaro*, &c. His troupe includes Mesdames Marie Roze, Vadini, Gaylord, Burton, Dickerson, and Burns; Messrs. McGuckin, Packard, Smith, Crotty, Cook, and Sauvage. The Carl Rosa repertory now consists of fifty-eight operas.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Saturday being the anniversary of Mozart's death in 1791, Mr. Manns offered a Mozart programme to the subscribers to the Crystal Palace concerts. It began with the *Jupiter* symphony, splendidly performed, and included the "Coronation" concerto played by that admirable pianist Madame Frickenhau, the *adagio* from the clarinet concerto played by Mr. Clinton, and songs for Mr. Santley.—On the same afternoon the students of the Guildhall School of Music gave a concert, and played among other things the first movement of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, Beethoven's overture *Leonora* No. 3, a movement of the *Emperor* concerto, and the *Tannhauser* prelude. The applause after the last-named piece was so great that Mr. Weist Hill made his excellently-trained young people stand up to acknowledge it. Some of the lady players were so young that they had to be lifted off the band stools.—On Saturday evening the third Brinsmead symphony concert was given. Mr. Ganz conducted Raff's eccentric *Leonora*, which except as to the last movement, founded on the story of Bürger's ballad, went exceedingly well. M. Saint-Saëns was the pianist, but he unfortunately chose his own fourth piano concerto, and his septet for trumpet (the part was played on the *cornet à piston*, which did not enhance the effect), piano, and strings, both works of distinctly an inferior order of merit. Mr. Lloyd easily carried off the honours of the concert with a beautiful rendering of "Wake from thy grave, Giselle."—On Tuesday the Royal Amateur Orchestra, on which the Duke of Edinburgh sometimes leads the violins, played a Haydn symphony and other works at St. James's Hall.

OBITUARY.—Andrea Maffei died last week in Milan, aged eighty-one. He translated the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Lamartine, and others into Italian, and he was the librettist of Verdi's unsuccessful opera *I Masnadieri*, which, despite the popularity of Jenny Lind, in 1847 utterly failed at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Signor Basevi, a well-known Italian musician, historian, and archaeologist, is also dead.—We have likewise to announce the decease of Ettore Barili, a celebrated baritone thirty years ago, and the half-brother and early teacher of the celebrated *prima donna*, Madame Adelina Patti.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Madame Anna Mehlig, the distinguished pupil of Liszt, has returned to England, and was announced to make her first appearance these five years at the Hampstead Popular Concerts on Thursday.—At the Popular Concerts a Beethoven programme, and particularly the "Kreutzer" sonata, played by Mr. Hallé and Madame Néruda, brought together a very large audience on Saturday. On Monday Mr. Clifford Hallé, son of the popular pianist, made a successful appearance as a vocalist. The opening quartet was Brahms' in C minor, Op. 51, which, although tolerably well known, had not before been heard at these concerts. A charming duet sonata in C minor, by Philip Emanuel Bach, was likewise played.—The Heckmann Quartet introduced on Tuesday a quartet in E flat by the eighteenth-century composer

Dittersdorff, one of a set of twelve published some years ago. Such a work can, however, hardly in these days be of surpassing interest.—At Mr. Henry Holmes' "Musical Evenings" on Wednesday familiar works by Beethoven, Mozart, and Schumann were announced.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—On Wednesday, at the Albert Hall, Mr. Barnby conducted *Judas Maccabæus*, and, in accordance with his habit in that which has been called "Handel's military oratorio," he utilised the services of an army band: this time the Coldstream Guards. Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Maas and Poli were the chief soloists.—A zither concert was announced by Herr Curt Schulz, zitherist to the Princess of Wales, on Thursday.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Pratt (when Herr H. Ritter introduced the new *viola alta*), the Burlington Academy, the Bohemian Musical Society (Crystal Palace), and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The news of the finding by Herr Friedländer of a hitherto unknown, but suspected, piano concerto by Beethoven now proves to be true. Herr Brahms is editing the concerto, which belongs to Beethoven's finest period, and it will be published next year by Breitkopf and Härtel.—Madame Marie Roze will next week leave for Paris to study *Le Cid* with M. Massenet.—The "Popular Wagner Society," which seeks to mingle drawing-room ballads with Wagner's music, announces a concert next week.—That clever soprano, Miss Annie Marriott, has successfully sung in place of Madame Valleria, who is suffering from hoarseness, at both Birmingham and Brighton (*Mors et Vita*). At the latter performance Mr. Randegger cut out two numbers of the first part, one in the third part, and the whole of the "Sleep of the Dead" and "Resurrection."—The Duc de Frias, the new Spanish Ambassador to London, is said to be the nobleman who married Victoire Balfe, the once well-known operatic artist, and daughter of Balfe, the composer.—The Viennese Lady Orchestra has now migrated to the Westminster Aquarium, where, under M. Marie Schipek's direction, they daily show how values ought to be played so as to be as pleasant to hear as to dance to. Moreover, the Viennese ladies can execute a higher class of music with equal delicacy and spirit.

"TIRESIAS" *

THE Poet Laureate's new volume, so long anxiously expected, is at last in the hands of all readers, and there can be no doubt as to the reception which it will generally receive. Although it contains no single piece which seems likely to take the public by storm, there is much in the contents which will give sincere pleasure, and some food for thought of the more serious kind, so that the book may be accepted by all as fairly upholding the author's reputation. No doubt most will turn eagerly to the new Arthurian poem, "Balin and Balan," as forming a link in the "Idylls of the King;" it is announced as forming an introduction to "Merlin and Vivien," but may be read by itself, without reference to the earlier poem, since there is no necessary connection between the two. In the blank verse in which the sorrowful story is conveyed, Lord Tennyson is seen at his best, as perhaps the greatest master of that particular metre now living. So far as the legend is concerned, we think that a closer adherence to the lines of the prose version would have rendered it more effective; a general level of excellence is maintained throughout, but there is a lack of those striking passages which occur in some of the earlier idylls—more, for instance, might have been made of the tragic episode of the Dolorous Stroke, and the death scene of the unlucky brothers strikes us as hurried. "Tiresias" is a dramatic monologue, apparently written some years ago, of the classical type to which many of the writer's sincerest admirers regret at times that he has not been more constant. It may not be ranked with such masterpieces as "Ulysses" or "Tithonus," but there is one passage at the end, beginning, "I would that I were gathered to my rest," which gives a pleasant echo of old days, and has a tendency to linger in the memory; the original story, as need hardly be said, has been considerably altered and toned down to suit the tastes of the present day. The most attractive poems are, to our thinking, the pure lyrics, such as "The Flight," an eminently suggestive piece, "The Wreck," and, best of all, "To-Morrow," a most pathetic tale, given in the Hibernian-English dialect, of the recognition by an old crazed woman of the dead body of her lost lover of old days, when drawn from the depths of a peat-moss. "The Spinster's Sweet-arts" is another good piece of the kind, with its quaint strain of semi-pathetic humour. Some of the minor verses will be recognised as having already appeared in print; but, before closing a necessarily brief notice, we must draw special attention to that striking protest, "The Dead Prophet," in which the poet once more strikes a note already nobly sounded years ago.



II.

IN the *National Review* for December Mr. W. H. Mallock begins his serial, "The Old Order Changes." He would seem to follow the late Lord Beaconsfield in his style and matter as a novelist. The opening scene is laid in the Riviera, and so far the characters belong to the Olympian heights of society. Altogether, the story promises to be a new feature of interest in the *Review*, which will be none the worse for a little more animation.—Mr. C. J. Buckland supplies some useful facts on "Opium-Poppy Cultivation."—With regard to "Aspects of the National Church," Mr. Austen Pember writes an able and eloquent paper on "The Tribune of the People;" while Mr. Alfred Austin answers in musical verse his question, "Why I am a Conservative." The poetry, on the whole, is superior to the argument, yet quite does it justice. A certain heaviness hangs over the *Contemporary*, from which its more immediate rivals are free. Its articles may be very full of substance; but in their manner there is not much lightness. The opening paper, by the Dean of Wells, is on "Disestablishment and Disendowment," against both of which he argues with much moderation; though he does not think the former would be an irreparable disaster. Church Reform is, he believes, "the more excellent way."—"Bulgaria and Servia" is the title of an article by Mr. E. A. Freeman, who laments the fratricidal warfare in the Balkan Peninsula. This time the vials of his wrath are not for the "unspeakable Turk;" but for the House of Hapsburg. Mr. S. M. Benjamin contributes to the *Century* his first paper on "The City of Teheran." It deserves high praise for its style and vivid delineation of the main features of interest in this strange capital. It is made more pleasant and instructive by excellent wood-engravings, taken from photographs, of the architecture of the Persian capital and of the surrounding country. In *Longman's* Mr. Brander Matthews gives an elaborate dissertation on "The True Theory of the Preface," and warmly eulogises Mr. R. L. Stevenson for his achievements in prefatorial literature.—"Concerning Keepsakes," by Grant Allen, is an ingenious attempt to connect the giving of photographs with ancient magical animistic superstitions.

* "Tiresias, and Other Poems." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, D.C.L., P.L. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1885.)

Commander V. Lovett Cameron writes for the *Gentleman's* a bright little sketch of dhow-hunting on the Zanzibar coast, under the heading "How the Portuguese Joes were Weathered." "The Tuneful Frog," by Phil Robinson, is a defence of the frog against literary and general aspersion; while he culls from the poets of all times and peoples allusions to the being which for ages has been intoning its eternal refrain of "Brekekekex, coax, coax." Mr. Proctor's magazine *Knowledge* is full of popularised scientific matter. Most interesting among the papers will, perhaps, be found the editor's article on "The New Star in Andromeda," and "Optical Recreations," dealing in plain, easily intelligible fashion with colour and light.—Mr. Henry J. Slack's "Pleasant Hours With a Microscope" shows us how beautiful, when examined, is the gritty substance in the centre of a pear.

Belgravia is almost entirely fictional in its contents. The short tales are all good. "The Living of Slopton Wold," by Mr. Crawford Scott, and "My First Sitter," by Miss Henriette Corkran, possess also a certain quality of humour.

Mr. Philip Meadows Taylor, in *Good Words*, relates well a stirring incident in the war waged by Richelieu against the Huguenots. He treats of the brilliant defence of Mas d'Azil by the Pyrenean peasantry against Marshal Thémine—"Travellers' Snake Stories," by Frederick Whympere, is a capital paper, and is replete with all sorts of information about these formidable reptiles.

The *Theatre* opens with "The Falstaff Letters," by Mr. Godfrey Turner, who here examines the part Lamb had in the working up of this production, the ostensible author of which was James White.—Mr. William Archer treats, in an agreeable manner, of the last fourteen years of the Théâtre Français, in "The Reign of Émile Perrin."—The magazine also contains good photographs of Miss Eastlake and Mr. Charles Warner.

In *All the Year Round* the capable hand which contributes "Chronicles of English Counties" gives us two excellent papers on Kent. When this admirably-done series is complete, we hope to see it in book-form.—"The Water of Revelation" is a second part of a weird short story, commenced in the last number.

Household Words contains its usual store of sound fiction, good advice, and trustworthy information.

We can commend "Bolsover's Ghost" in the *Argosy* as a seasonable, if improbable story.—We scarcely know what to say of Mr. C. J. Langston's "A Forgotten Tragedy." Is he merely emphasising the horror of his historical narrative, or does he mean his readers to take it that he believes he saw and heard the ghost of Captain Richard Hill on March 26th, 1884? In the latter case the Psychical Research Society should look to the matter.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an engraving of Mr. Walter J. Horsley's painting, "The French in Cairo." The engraving reproduces well the high historical artistic merits of this young artist's admirable work.

To the *Portfolio* Mr. A. Brunet Debaines supplies its frontispiece, an engraving in mezzotint of Turner's "Bligh Sand, near Sheerness," which Mr. Ruskin has criticised less favourably than some other works of the great master.—Dugardin gives us a fine engraving of Mr. Boehm's statue of "Queen Victoria," now in the vestibule of Windsor Castle.

There is no great merit in *English Etchings* for December. Of the three specimens of original Art in this number, we prefer Mr. H. Pope's "Kenilworth Castle."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a reduced copy of the chromo, in the British Museum, of "Cranes," by Mori Ippo, a Japanese artist. The editor introduces us to very foreign ground in this connection in his paper on "Some Japanese Painters."—Franz Lenbach," by Mr. Claude Phillips, is an admiring and admirable biography of Prince Bismarck's portrait painter, adorned by excellent full-page engravings from the artist's pictures of Franz Liszt, Otto von Bismarck, and Pope Leo XIII.—Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Harry Furniss are the joint authors of "Poems and Pictures." Both the verse and the illustrations correspond happily with the quaint title, "Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts."—We can also cordially commend Miss Julia Cartwright's sketch of artistic and political Italian life of the sixteenth century, "The Lost Cupid of Michael Angelo."—Mr. Harry V. Barnett describes "The Royal Academy's Instrument, and How They Got It." If his scathing and ably-put strictures upon the manner of the foundation of this Institution are just, the public should keep a vigilant eye on the judicial decisions of this practically irresponsible corporation.

The *British Chess Magazine* for December (Trübner and Co.), is very carefully edited. We have been unable to detect any error in the numerous problems and end games submitted. The magazine should be in the hands of every aspirant for chess honours.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW

"MERRIE ISLINGTON," for one brief week at least, does something to justify the title. It is true that at Islington the air appears to be invariably thick, and that the streets possess the remarkable property of being very muddy even in cold and frosty weather. It is true that the approaches by every possible route are confusing, squalid, and obscure, but then, when the Angel is once reached, does there not burst upon us all the glories of the old-fashioned fair? Does not the country visitor enjoy the opportunity of seeing in London the fat women, men-fish, three-legged children, and four-headed pigs, which Londoners somehow never see? And is not the Agricultural Hall itself the scene of a great fair?

THE LIVE STOCK are not yet quite ready for eating. For the present we are only entitled to admire them. And that we can do very heartily. The monsters of obesity, which were very common ten years ago, are now only to be found in the pigstyes, and the great steers and heifers, however stately, are not disproportionately fat. Quality, character, and build are evidently deemed of far higher value than of yore, and the award of the champion prize to a fifteen-cwt. heifer is an occurrence which brings the fact into high relief. Mr. Stephenson, of Newcastle, appealed in November to an East Anglian constituency, and found his claims placed second to those of Mr. Loder, who showed a splendid steer of far greater bulk and weight. Appealing again to the Judges of the Birmingham Show, the North-Country breeder obtained a reversal of the Norwich verdict, and now London gives him "the rub." Mr. Loder's steer takes a first-class in its own particular division; but it is not even second for the championship, that position being taken by a fine Devon, the property of Her Majesty the Queen.

THE ROYAL FAMILY have been conspicuously fortunate at this year's Show, the Queen and the Prince of Wales having carried off a number of important prizes. His Royal Highness has the champion sheep in the Show, and his Southdowns may fairly be spoken of as unrivalled specimens of the breed. The triumph is the more important, as the display of Southdowns is quite the finest we have ever seen in Islington, and the competitors vanquished include not only such formidable competitors as the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Bristol, and Lord Alington, but such famous breeders as Mr. Hugh Goringe and Mr. Hugh Penfold. Her Majesty's successes include not only the Devon already mentioned, but a special prize obtained by a beautiful Shorthorn heifer.

THE SHORTHORNS as a whole are a fair but not an extraordinary show, and but for the contributions of Mr. Wortley and the Earl of Coventry the Herefords would be rather below the average than above it. The Red Polls include a very good animal shown by Lord Hastings, but the level of merit in the Norfolks is not high.

Devons on the other hand are almost all good, so much so, that if all the prize winners were eliminated there would still remain the elements of an ordinary Show. Perhaps the grandest display of all, however, is the Aberdeen Angus breed. If we take therewith the crosses between the Angus and the Shorthorn we shall have all doubts of pre-eminence removed. The show of these splendid animals, often exceeding a ton in weight, yet strong on their legs, and full of healthy life, is magnificent. The Highlanders with their shaggy brown coats and picturesque horns appear as "old familiar friends" to all who know the Academy pictures of Mr. Davis and Mr. Peter Graham. The ruddy Sussex stock is also represented at the Show, together with the black cattle of Wales and various crosses, mostly between the Shorthorn and the Scotch breeds. As we have mentioned, the cross between the Angus and the Shorthorn appears often to give the most satisfactory result.

THE SHEEP would have been a fine show if any Southdowns had been exhibited, but the other breeds are for the most part exceedingly well represented. The Hampshire Downs are numerous and good, and so are the Long Woolled breeds, the Lincolns, and the Romney Marsh. Praise cannot be fairly withheld from the Shropshires and the Oxfordshire Downs, and there are also good characteristic pens of the black-faced straight-legged Suffolks, and of the North Country mountain breeds. The championship goes, as we have stated, to the Prince of Wales's Shropshires, which, at the age of one-and-twenty months, have attained the weight of 172lb. per sheep. A man's average weight, it may be mentioned in passing, is about 30lb. less than this. The second special prize goes to some fat wethers, bred by Mr. Lambert, of Cambridge. They are beautiful specimens of the Hampshire sheep; sooty faces, compact shapely build, medium size, dense short wool.

THE PIGS, although not a good show, are better than was expected some time since, when swine fever was raging in many of our leading counties. The Earl of Radnor is conspicuously successful as a rearer of the small white breed, while Mr. William Wheeler and Mr. James Howard maintain a high standard of excellence in the large white variety. Mr. Sparkes, of Bognor, carries off all the principal prizes for black pigs, and he also gets the Championship Plate for the best pen of pigs in the Show.

THE MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITS included a show of ensilage by the new Ensilage Society. Between two and three hundred samples were shown, and the Champion Cup was awarded to a Lancashire agriculturist. Mr. Swan, of Lincoln, who was champion last year at the private Show, again took a prize. The champion sample was taken from a stack.—Closely connected with cattle also were the displays of the various Royal seedsmen, who were able to show a great number of very fine roots grown from seed of their supplying. A vast array of agricultural implements, dairy utensils, and stands of cattle food and cakes, witnessed to the universal interest of agriculturists in the Smithfield Show.

CHANGES from a year ago are not many, but the Council have added a class for young steers of the Aberdeen Angus breed not exceeding two years old. This alteration meets with unanimous acceptance. Two single pig classes have also been altered to three classes for single pigs of the white, black, and Berkshire breeds. This change has received somewhat less general approval. The new President for 1886 is Mr. Colman, the well-known member for Norwich, and for 1887 the Duke of Edinburgh has been nominated. With the Prince of Wales he visited the Show on Monday last, and he was also an exhibitor. The Council have under their consideration a motion to prevent animals taking prizes in two successive years, but they have not as yet come to any conclusion on this somewhat important matter.

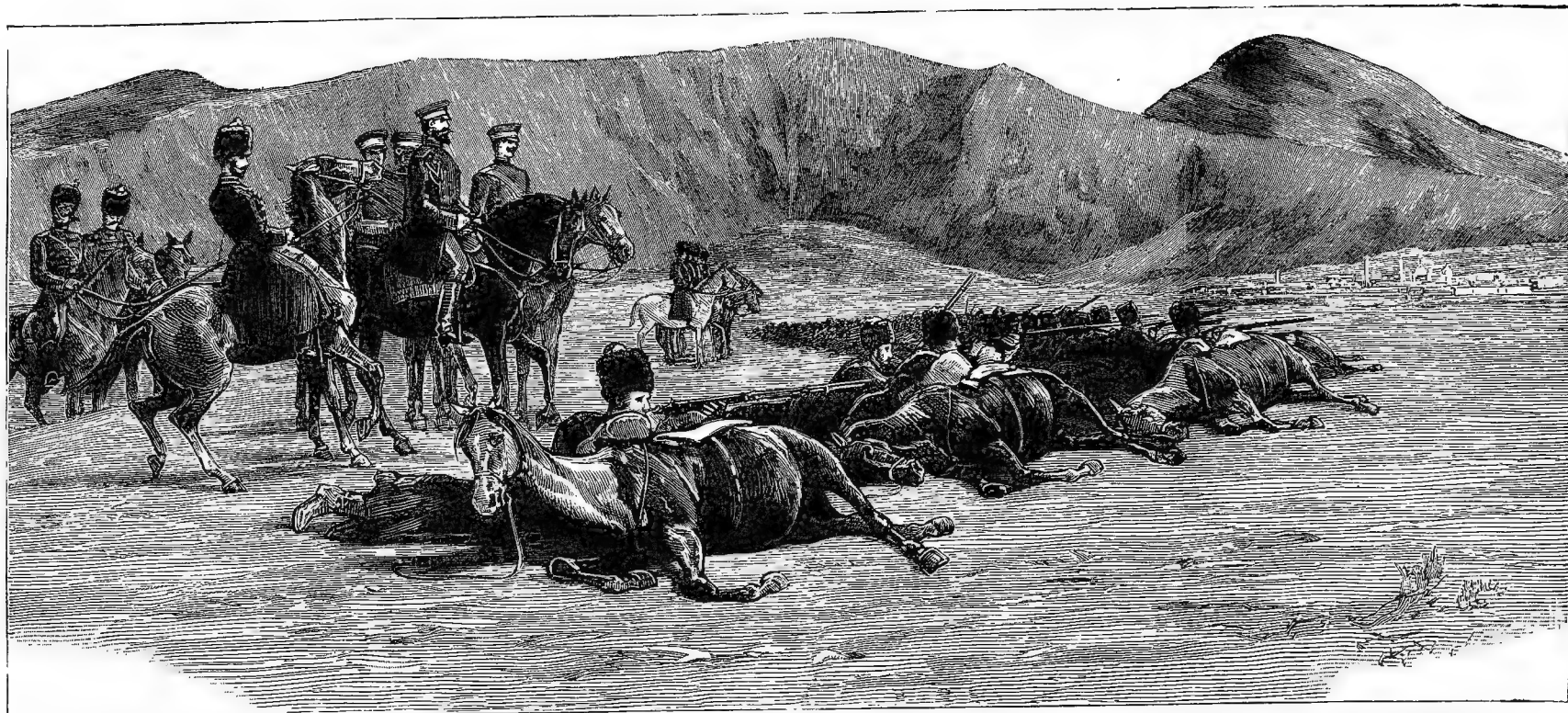


A KNIGHTHOOD has been conferred on Mr. William Hardman, who besides having been for twenty years Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, is understood to be intimately connected with the editorial department of the *Morning Post*.

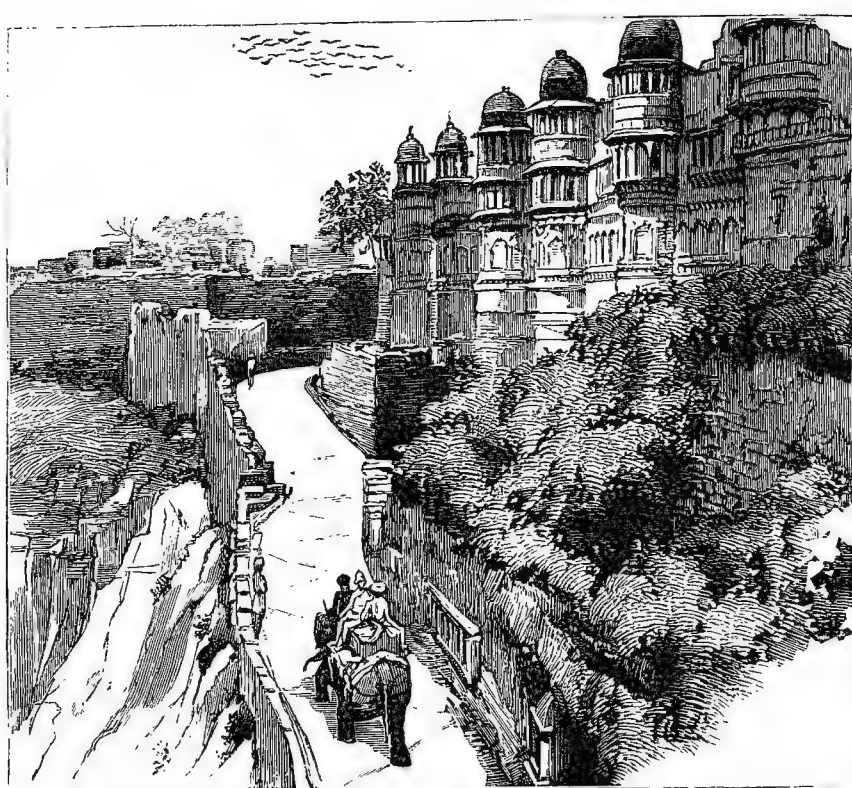
THE "GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW" has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the Queen v. Ashwell, which was reported in this column some time ago. It may, or may not, be remembered that in this case one man lent another, as the lender thought and intended, a shilling, which, however turned out to be a sovereign. The borrower did not discover the mistake until a short time afterwards, when he spent the sovereign, and denied that he had received more than a shilling. There was no doubt that a sovereign had been given in mistake for a shilling, and that the borrower had become aware of the fact. The question then arose, Was the borrower guilty of larceny? A provincial jury found that he had "fraudulently" appropriated the sovereign, or to speak with more precision nineteen shillings of it, but the judge reserved the case, which was argued before five judges in March last. As they disagreed it was re-argued in June before all the judges, by seven of whom the prisoner was pronounced guilty of larceny, and by the other seven innocent. The fourteen judgments containing the grounds for the conflicting judicial decisions were read or delivered in Court this week, with the result that the number on each side being equal, the original conviction of the borrower was sustained. The arguments on both sides were of a kind which would have delighted Mr. Walter Shandy and the conclave of subtle disputants whom he gathered round him at Shandy Hall. For instance Mr. Justice Stephen, who was against a larcenous interpretation, went back to Glanville, Bracton, and the Year-Books of the Plantagenet Kings, to prove that an intention to steal is necessary to larceny, but here, at the moment when the sovereign came into the possession of the borrower, there was no intention to steal, and Mr. Justice Cave, who agreed with Mr. Justice Stephen, intimated that the proper course for the lender to have adopted was to sue the borrower for the nineteen shillings misappropriated. On the other hand Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who was one of the Seven against Ashwell, reasoned that as delivery and taking must be acts into which intention and intelligence enter, there was no delivery of the sovereign, and no taking of it by the prisoner until he knew what it was, and that then he took it feloniously. Although Ashwell has been convicted, the law of his case remains undecided, after the intellect and learning of our collective judiciary have been expended on it.

A JAPANESE FEVER prevails in New York owing to the popularity of the *Mikado*. Japanese goods crowd the stores, and all kinds of wares, from lamps to paper-collars, bear the Mikado's name.

HUNGRY EAST LONDON is again pleaded for, the applicant this time being the minister of Harley Street Chapel, Bow Road, who wants to give 5,000 starved people Christmas dinners in their own homes. Last year the Chapel gave 3,500 of these dinners; and this year, owing to the depressed state of trade, the need is even greater. Donations to be sent to the Rev. W. Evans Hurdall, 16, Cottage Grove, Bow Road, E.



THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA—CAVALRY MANŒUVRES BEFORE PRINCE ALEXANDER AT MALA TIRNOVA
FROM A SKETCH BY M. ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIANS



THE ROAD UP TO THE FORTRESS, SHOWING KING PÂL'S PALACE



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FORT, FROM THE INSIDE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORT

THE GWALIOR FORTRESS, RECENTLY RESTORED BY LORD DUFFERIN TO THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR AS A MARK OF THE QUEEN'S FAVOUR AND CONFIDENCE



HON. BERNARD COLERIDGE (L)
(Sheffield, Attercliffe Division)

The Hon. Bernard Coleridge, eldest son of Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, was born in 1851, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford (B.A. 1875). He was called to the Bar in 1877 at the Middle Temple, and is Junior Counsel to the Post Office on the Western Circuit. He married in 1876 Mary Alethea, daughter of the Bishop of Oxford.



MR. A. A. BAUMANN (C)
(Peckham)

Mr. Arthur Anthony Baumann is the second son of Mr. William Baumann, of 44, Hyde Park Square, and was born in 1856. He was educated at Wellington College and Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1879), where he was President of the "Union." He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1880.



MR. J. F. W. ADDISON (C)
(Ashton-under-Lyne)

Mr. John Edmund Wentworth Addison, Q.C., Recorder of Preston, was born 1838, and educated at Preston Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin. Called to the Bar, 1862, he practised in Preston and Manchester until 1880, when he "took silk," and removed to London. He married, in 1871, Alice, daughter of Mr. Joseph McKeand, of Manchester.



MR. T. L. BRISTOWE (C)
(Norwood)

Mr. Thomas Lynn Bristowe was born 1833 and privately educated. He is a member of the firm of Messrs. Bristowe Brothers, Stock Exchange, and was an original member and captain for many years of the 1st Surrey Rifles. Mr. Bristowe married, in 1857, Frances Ellen, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Paice, of Champion Park, Denmark Hill and Mincing Lane.



MR. EDWIN HUGHES (C)
(Woolwich)

Born 1832 at Droitwich, and educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, Birmingham. Is a solicitor, a member of the London School Board and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and Lieut.-Col. Volunteers. Mr. Hughes was for many years Conservative Election Agent for the City of London and the Borough of Greenwich.



MR. HENRY S. KING (C)
(Hull, Central Division)

Eldest son of the late Henry Samuel King, J.P., of Manor House, Chigwell, Essex; was born 1832, and educated at Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. King, who is head of the firm of Henry S. King & Co., Bankers and East India Merchants, and one of H.M. Lieutenants for the City of London, married the youngest daughter of the Rev. D. Jenkins, of Montreal.



MR. C. T. MURDOCH (C)
(Reading)

Mr. Charles Townshend Murdoch, of Buckhurst, Wokingham, Berks, was born in 1837, and educated at Eton. In 1855 he became an ensign in the Rifle Brigade, and served in the Crimea, and after leaving the army was appointed a Captain in Lord Ranelagh's Volunteer Regiment. He afterwards joined the firm of Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., bankers.



MR. W. SAUNDERS (L)
(Hull, East Division)

Mr. William Saunders was born in 1823, and educated at Devizes. He founded the *Eastern Morning News*, the *Western Morning News*, and the *Central News Agency*. Mr. Saunders is a Fellow of the Statistical Society, and a Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance. In 1852 he married Caroline, eldest daughter of J. C. Spender, of Bath and Englishcombe, Somerset.



MR. ERNEST BAGGALLAY (C)
(Brixton)

Is the second son of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Baggallay (late Lord Justice). Born 1830, and educated at Marlborough and Caius College, Cambridge. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1873, and appointed Counsel to the Post Office in 1877. In 1876 married Emily, daughter of Sir W. W. Burrell, Bart., of West Grinstead Park, Sussex.



MR. J. G. GIBSON (C)
(Liverpool, Walton Division)

Was born in 1846, and educated at Enniskillen, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained Gold Medals. He was called to the Bar in 1870. In 1880 he was created a Q.C., and in 1885 appointed H.M. Third Sergeant-at-Law and Solicitor-General for Ireland. He is Chancellor of the Diocese of Killaloe, and married in 1871 Anna, daughter of the Rev. John Hare.



MR. MORGAN HOWARD (C)
(Dulwich)

Born 1837, and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1858 (Q.C. 1875). In 1875, he was appointed Recorder of Guildford, and in the same year presided at the Norwich Election Commission. In 1877 he was elected a Bencher of his Inn. Mr. Howard, who thrice contested Lambeth unsuccessfully, is a J.P. for Middlesex and Westminster. He married in 1857 a daughter of Mr. G. Bowes, of Homerton.



MR. W. H. FISHER (C)
(Fulham)

Eldest son of the Rev. F. Fisher, Rector of Downham, in the Isle of Ely, and grandson of the late Mr. William Hayes, Senior Conveyancing Counsel to the Court of Chancery, was born in 1853, and educated at Haileybury and University College, Oxford (B.A. 1876). In 1879 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple and joined the Oxford Circuit.



MR. G. H. ALLSOPP (C)
(Worcester)

Mr. George Higginson Allsopp is the third son of Sir Henry Allsopp, of Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a magistrate for the County of Stafford, and Chairman of the Burton-on-Trent School Board. Mr. Allsopp was twice Mayor of Burton, and is a partner in the firm of Samuel Allsopp and Son, Burton-on-Trent.



MR. J. WATSON (C)
(Shrewsbury)

Mr. James Watson, of Berwick House, Shropshire, is the only son of the late Mr. James Watson, of Edgbaston, near Birmingham, and Mary, daughter of Mr. Richard Spalding, of Aston, Warwickshire. He was born in 1817, and married, in 1856, Jane, daughter of Mr. Leonard Willan, of Lancaster. He is a magistrate for Staffordshire, Salop, and Worcestershire.



MR. HENRY KIMBER (C)
(Wandsworth)

Son of Mr. Joseph Kimber of Canonbury, was born 1834, and became a solicitor in 1858 (First Prize of the Incorporated Law Society). Is now head of the firm of Kimber and Ellis, 79, Lombard Street. Mr. Kimber, who takes a great interest in Colonial questions, assisted Mr. Thos. Hughes in revising his *New Rugby Settlement*, and married in 1860 Mary Adelaide, daughter of Major-Gen. Charles Dixon, R.E.



MR. ALFRED HICKMAN (C)
(West Wolverhampton)

Born 1830. Married 1850 Lucy Owen, daughter of Mr. William Smith, Engineer, Portsmouth. Unsuccessfully contested Wolverhampton in 1880. Is an ironmaster and colliery owner, a member of the Council of the Mining Association, of the Iron and Steel Institute, and of the Cleveland Institute of Engineers, and chairman of the Staffordshire Steel and Ingot Iron Company.



MR. G. S. BADEN-POWELL (C)
(Liverpool, Kirkdale Division)

Son of the late Professor Baden-Powell of Oxford. Born 1847, educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, Oxford, where he won the Chancellor's English Essay Prize in 1875. Has written largely on economical and colonial subjects, has officially inquired into West Indian administration, and has since been with Sir Charles Warren in Bechuanaland. Created a C.M.G. in 1884.



MR. R. S. BLAINE (C)
(Bath)

Mr. Robert Stuckney Blaine is a son of Mr. Benjamin Blaine, of Hull. He has taken an active part in municipal affairs in Bath, was Mayor of the city 1872-3, is a J.P. and a trustee of the municipal charities. He has been twice married, first to Constance, daughter of Mr. Moger, of Bath, and secondly to Letitia, daughter of Sir T. V. Stonhouse, Bart.



SIR ROPER LETHBRIDGE (C)
(North Kensington)

Born 1840, educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1860. In 1868 he was appointed a Professor in the Bengal Educational Department, and a Fellow of Calcutta University. Sir Roper Lethbridge, who was Press Commissioner during Lord Lytton's administration, married in 1865, Eliza, daughter of the late Mr. W. Finlay. He is a Companion of the Indian Empire.



MR. L. J. JENNINGS (C)
(Stockport)

Mr. Louis John Jennings was born in 1817. Has been correspondent for the *Times* in India and the United States, where he was instrumental in exposing the notorious "Tammany Ring." He edited the "Croker Papers," and is the author of "Rambles Among the Hills," "The Millionaire," and other works. In 1867 he married Madeline Louise, daughter of Mr. David M. Henriques.



MR. WILSON LLOYD (C)
(Widnesbury)

Son of the late Mr. Samuel Lloyd of Wednesbury. Educated at York, and is proprietor of the Bescot Forge Ironworks, and Chairman of the Employers' Liability Company, Birmingham. Is a J.P. for Staffordshire, and was Chairman of Wednesbury School Board in 1874. Mr. Lloyd, who resides at Myvot House, Wednesbury, married in 1881 a daughter of Dr. Thomas Underhill, J.P.



MR. W. MATHER (L)
(South Salford)

Son of Mr. William Mather, of Salford, was born in Manchester in 1838, and educated privately. He soon became a partner in the firm of Mather and Platt, Salford Ironworks. Has been President of the Manchester Reform Club and of the Salford Liberal Association, and is a J.P. for Salford. Mr. Mather married, in 1863, Emma, daughter of Mr. Thomas Watson, of Highbury, London.



HON. F. C. BRIDGEMAN (C)
(Bolton)

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman, second son of the Earl of Bradford, was born in 1846, and educated at Harrow. He entered the Scots Greys in 1865, and in 1878 was attached to Lord Rosslyn's Special Embassy to Madrid. He took part in the late Sudan Campaign, and married in 1883 Gertrude Cecilia, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Hanbury, of Blithewood Hall, Berks.



MR. EDMUND ROBERTSON (L)
(Dundee)

Son of the late Mr. Edmund Robertson, schoolmaster at Kinnaird, near Dundee. Born 1845, and educated at St. Andrew's and Oxford Universities. He was Vinerian Scholar, prizeman and Public Examiner at Oxford, and is Fellow of Corpus Christi College. Is a barrister. Mr. Robertson has contributed several articles to the "New Encyclopedia Britannica."



MR. HUGH HOLMES (C)
(Dublin University)

The Right Hon. Hugh Holmes, Q.C., P.C., was born in 1840, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Bar in 1865, and was Solicitor-General for Ireland 1878-80, and this year was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland. He married, in 1865, Olivia, daughter of Mr. J. W. Moule, of Eimney Lovat, Worcestershire.

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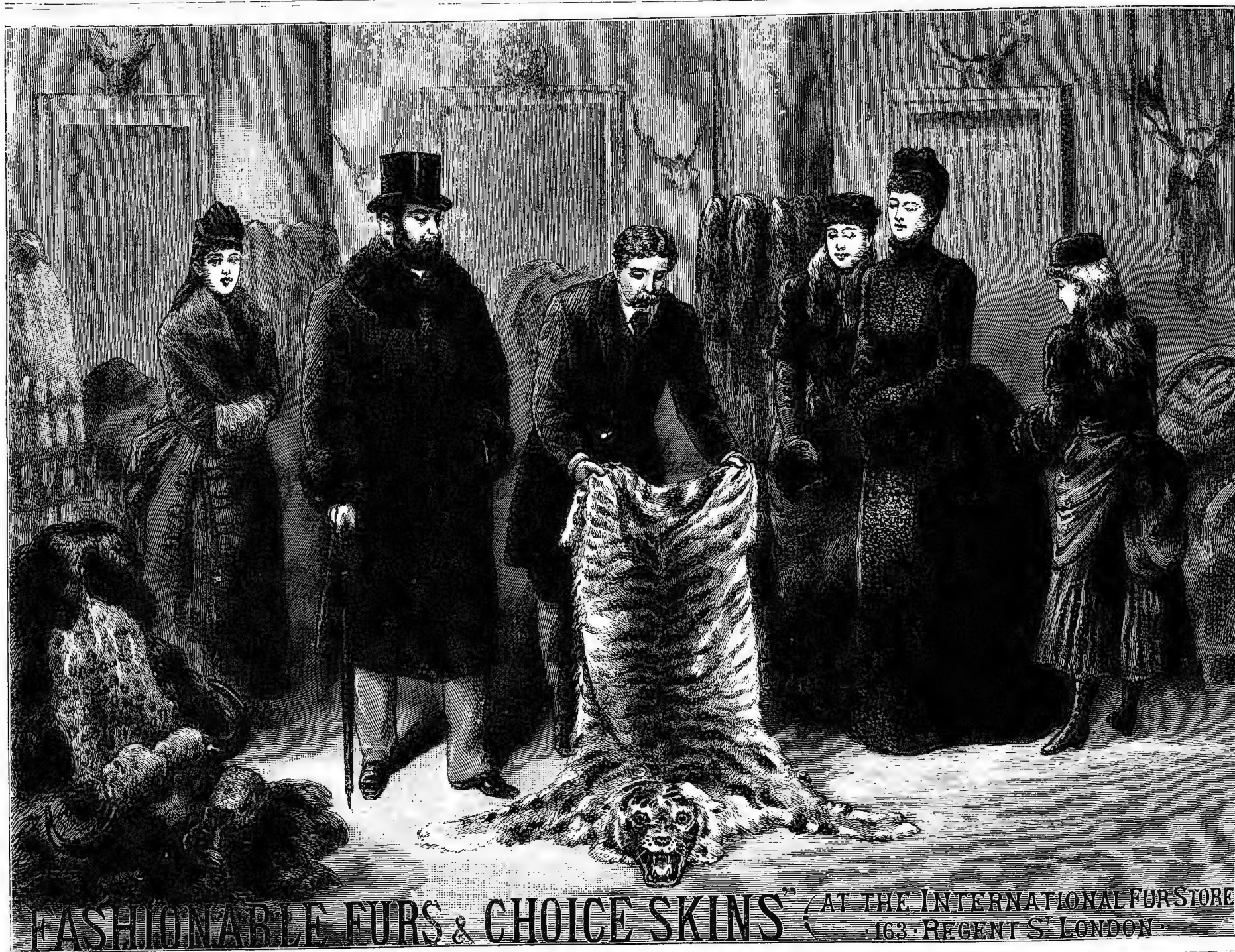
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DIARIES, CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, ETC.—Messrs. Thomas De la Rue and Company's Diaries and Pocket Books for 1886 are as varied in size and as uniformly good in character as usual, conveying plenty of information, and affording sufficient space for casual notes. The little Condensed Diary is just the thing for a lady's workbox; while the prettily-framed calendars are both useful and ornamental for table use.—Some highly-ornamental calendars, mounted on cardboard easels, have been sent by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons; while Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode forward some "Plate" and "Palette" calendars, with mottoes for every day, and Scripture Texts for Sundays and Festivals.—From across the Atlantic Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston, send us the "Lowell" and "Whitney" calendars, which, like those we have mentioned, are nicely printed in colours, and contain quotations from the authors after whom they are named.—M. Ricordi, of Regent Street, has published a prettily-illustrated "Musical Almanack," which, besides the usual calendar, contains twelve characteristic pianoforte pieces by J. Burgmüller. Each monthly calendar and piece are on a separate card.—Another Musical Annual is the "Professional Daily and Hourly Engagement Diary" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.), which contains a list of the musical meetings of the year as far as possible, and gives a line for every hour of the day for noting engagements.—"The India and Colonial Manual and Diary" (A. H. Wheeler and Co.) is most valuable to those who have relations with or are interested in Greater Britain, as it contains concise descriptions and statistical accounts of all British possessions,

such as their discovery and settlement, geographical situation, population, government, finances, mineral and agricultural wealth, trade and commerce, industries and manufactures, &c.—"The Railway Diary and Official Record for 1885" (McCorquodale and Co. Limited), gives a good deal of information, financial and otherwise, regarding the railways of the United Kingdom, of a most useful character to shareholders.—To turn to the Christmas parcels for more juvenile circles, there are the usual boxes of amusing and picturesque Christmas Crackers from the firms of Tom Smith and Co. and of G. Sparagnapane and Co., neither of whom show any falling off in their productions this year; while Cremer Junior sends a perfect wilderness of shilling toys, which range from parlour pistols, tops, stables of ponies, and railway trains to more scientific toys, such as microscopes and kaleidoscopes, an *embarras du choix* which would completely bewilder the juvenile purchaser.—One of the most curious toy-novelties of the season comes from America, "The Electric Automatic Instructor, or Talking Machine," sent by G. Greiner and Co., 10, Milton Street, E.C. With help of this all sorts and species of questions, from arithmetical problems to simple conundrums are answered by electricity. Cards are supplied giving the questions and answers, and are placed on a board studded with numerous cross-pins. The operator places a catch connected with a small battery on the question, and then moves a pin, also in connection with the battery, along the card, a bell ringing when the correct answer is reached. The machine will be found both

useful and amusing for children.—Another instructive game is "Royal Old Maid," in which all the Kings and Queens of England and their consorts are brought into review. It is published by Mr. Reichhardt.—Mr. John Heywood, of 11, Paternoster Buildings, has also sent us a box of Vacher's Model Bricks, the peculiarity of which is that each piece is an aliquot portion of the whole—the 64 pieces combined being the size of an ordinary brick used in building. Exact lessons in architecture can thus be given.—Finally, we should acknowledge a new photograph album from Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes—"The Album of Blossom and Fruit." This album is illustrated with sixteen handsomely-printed chromo designs, drawn by Mr. Vincent Clare, of various fruits and their corresponding blossom, in which the chief portraits are to be enshrined. Both fruit and flowers are gracefully drawn and are coloured true to nature.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.—Mr. Arthur Ackermann has forwarded to us a pair of Artists' proofs of his new publication, "On a Doubtful Scent" and "After a Good Run" painted by Mr. E. A. S. Douglas, and engraved by Mr. C. R. Stock. Of the two, we prefer the latter, though to hunting men both will be doubtlessly interesting. Neither, however, can be said to be in Mr. Douglas's happiest style.—Messrs. Fores, of 41, Piccadilly, send us "His First Audience," a fisher-boy playing a whistle and three donkeys listening. The engraving is by Walter Cox, from a picture by A. Harvey Moore.



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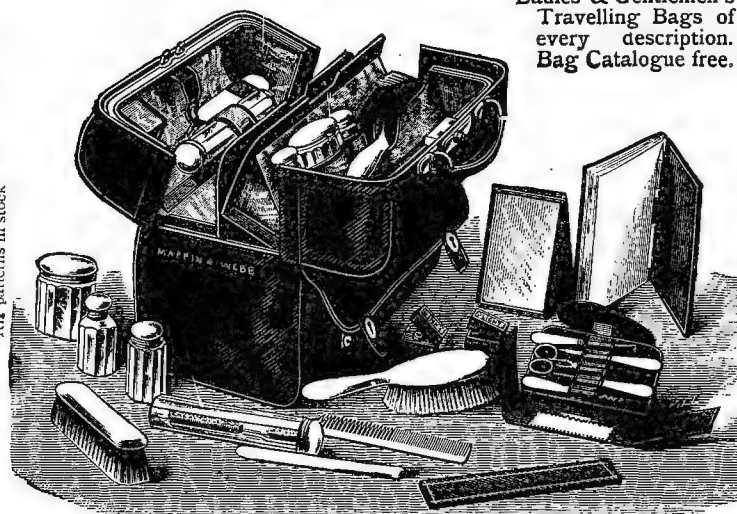
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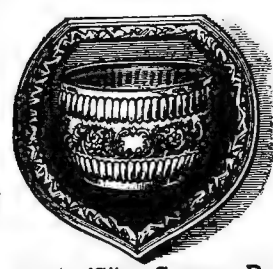


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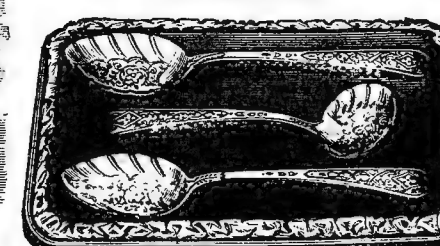
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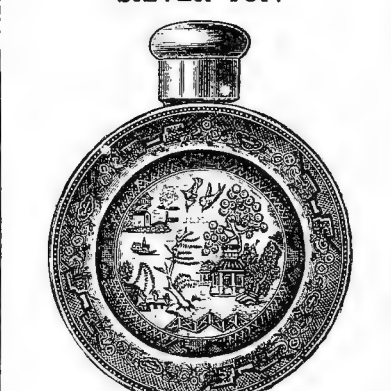
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EXTRACTS from 100,000 CURES of cases which had resisted all other treatments.

DYSPEPSIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD. Cure 100,516.—A dangerous illness having left my digestive organs too weak to assimilate ordinary food of any kind sufficient to keep me alive, I owe my preservation to DU BARRY'S Food and Tonic Biscuits, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the astonishment of myself and medical friends, and friends.—EDWARD WOOD, Bolton, June 14, 1885.

CURE OF DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINTS.—From the Right Honourable the Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord-Lieutenant of the County Waterford, Feb. 15, 1880.—I have cured my Liver Complaint from the use of DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Stuart de Decies.

HEALTH.—Cure of Nervousness and WEAKNESS.—With gratitude I testify to the great efficacy of DU BARRY'S FOOD in restoring and sustaining Health in Nervousness and Weakness.—(Mrs.) E. Gretton, Upper Bedfordian, 9th March, 1880.

DYSPEPSIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured me of a catarrh and nightly sweats, terrible irritations of the stomach, and bad digestion, which have lasted eighteen years.—COMPTON, Parish Priest, St. Romaine-de-les, France.

NERVOUSNESS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD. Cure of the Marchioness de Bréhan, Versailles, of seven years' liver complaint, nervousness, palpitation, and the most intense nervousness, agitated and debility, rendering her unfit for reading or social intercourse.

PARALYSIS, CONSTIPATION, and HEMORRHOIDS.—From which I suffered SIX YEARS, I have entirely yielded to DU BARRY'S FOOD, and I am now, at the age of Eighty-Five, enjoying perfect health.—King's College, Cambridge, 10th Oct., 1889. WILLIAM HUNT, Barrister-at-Law.

A CATARRH, with its excruciating misery, had resisted the greatest medical skill during EIGHT long years, but DU BARRY'S divine REVALENTA FOOD cured it in an incredibly short time.—Paris, 15th April, 1882. DEDE, Professor of Chemistry.

DEBILITY.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has perfectly cured me of twenty years' dyspepsia, oppression, and debility, which prevented my dressing or undressing myself, or making even the slightest effort.—Madame BORELL DE CARBONNETTI, Avignon.

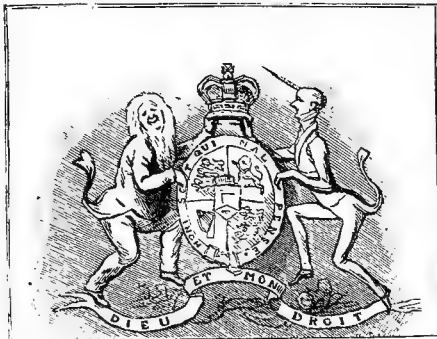
CONSUMPTION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD. Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Dropsy, Deafness, on which I spent thousands of pounds during twenty-five years in vain, have yielded to this divine food, and I am now restored to perfect health.—Mr. JAMES ROBERTS, Wood Merchant.

DYSPEPSIA.—CONSTIPATION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD. Cure No. 49,834 of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, by DU BARRY'S FOOD.—MARTIA JOLLY.

Parliamentary Elections and Electioneering in the Old Days

BY JOSEPH GREGO.—4.

THE LAST PARLIAMENT of George IV.'s reign met November 14th, 1826. Towards the close of the Session, as is shadowed in Doyle's early cartoons, the nation was tiring of the Tories, and the unpopular and somewhat antiquated Wellington Ministry found the country in distress and clamorous for retrenchment, to each of which complaints the rigid disciplinarian in chief command turned a deaf and unsympathetic ear. Towards the middle of the year 1830 the King's condition was threatening, and with his impending decease the close of the Session was anticipated.



W. Cobbett Sir Francis Burdett
NO. 77, ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE
KING'S ARMS—TO BE PLACED OVER
THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FEB. 17, 1835

I think the Tories love to buy
"Your Lordships" and "Your Graces,"
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding common places . . .
I think the Whigs are wicked knaves
(And very like the Tories)
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of Glories.
W. M. PRAED, 1826.

(No. 66), July 6th, 1830, shows Mr. afterwards Lord, Brougham paying his devotions to "William IV. Rex," the head of the King on the gold coin, known as "a Coronation

Tory Ministry, and William IV.'s tenure of the Throne was inaugurated by the early adoption of that liberal progress which developed into the larger measure of Reform within two years, the most memorable act of his reign. Doyle shows the ensuing distribution of offices, and sketches one of the intrigues for place; Henry Brougham, as "The Coquet," being tempted by Lord Grey to a political alliance, and courted on the Woolsack with the bait of the Chancellor's wig. After the preliminary skirmishing and cementing of necessary alliances, the end was short, sharp, and decisive, and is embodied by HB with his customary point and felicity as "Examples of the Laconic Style" (November 26th, 1830). The King is "Standing at Attention;" he has sent for Lord Grey. "Your conditions?" The coming Premier answers, "Retrenchment, Reform, and Peace." "Done!" says the King, holding out his hand on the bargain. The Duke of Wellington, on the left, is stepping off the scene, while John Bull, to the right, is not reluctantly giving his late commander the order, "Right about face, march!"

With the advent of the powerful Whig party came such sweeping reforms, that minds accustomed to the old order of things began to take fright. It seemed that national institutions and those fabled landmarks, "The bulwarks of the Constitution," bade fair to be swept away, and within six months another appeal to the constituencies was imminent. The Tory views of the new order of things were embodied by Doyle (April 4th, 1831) in "A Very Prophetic and Pathetical Allegory," in which it was foreshadowed that the institutions of the country could not survive reform, but must succumb within ten years. This vision conjures up a deserted cemetery, wherein, in woeful anticipation, is erected the tomb of departed greatness: "Here lyeth the British Constitution, which,



Lord Brougham

The King, William IV.

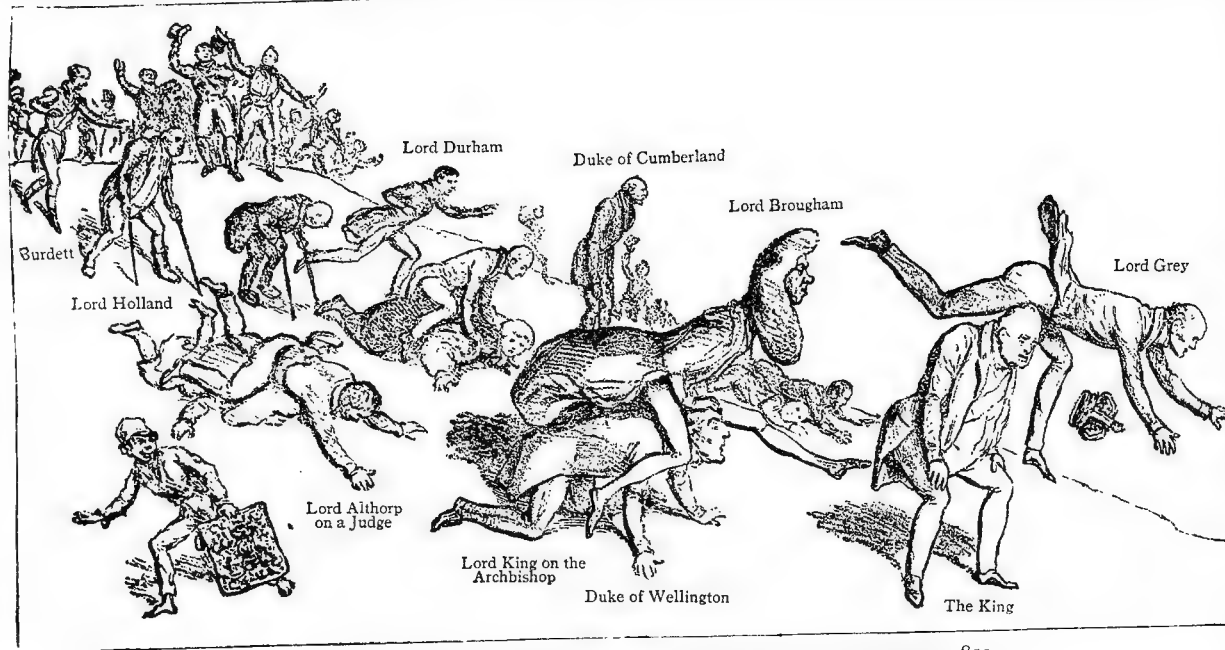
NO. 66, J. DOYLE: THE GHEBER WORSHIPPING THE RISING SUN, JULY 6, 1830

mundi. The Duke of Wellington, as a widowed and ancient crone, in deep sables, is shedding a tear and depositing a wreath on the family vault, which is presumed to contain such honoured dust.

(67) The gloomy forebodings of the Tories are farther illustrated with much spirit in the guise of an expected game of "Leap Frog down Constitution Hill" (No. 67), April 13th, 1831, in which the Whigs are flying over the heads of the Opposition. On Constitution Hill stand Burdett, O'Connell, Hunt, and other advanced politicians, crying, "Go it, my boys; we shall soon have it our own way;" the game is proceeding swimmingly down the slope. Lord King has brought down an Archbishop—the head of the Church, Lord Althorp is sweeping down the Judges, Lord Lansdowne has upset Lord Eldon, Lord Durham directs the tall Duke of Cumberland to stoop his head, Lord Brougham, in his Chancellor's robes, has alighted on the shoulders of the Duke of Wellington, William IV. has "tucked in his head" and "made a back" for Lord Grey; but the Premier, in his flying leap, has failed to clear the Crown, which is sent spinning; "D— it," says the King, "didn't you tell me you would not touch the Crown?"

The coming appeal to the country was preceded by the usual political meetings; this circumstance is made the subject of a felicitous parody, "Anticipated Radical Meeting" (April 20th, 1831). In one of Hunt's Matchless (Blacking) carts stands the glib-tongued Radical in the full tide of his harangue; "Hunt, the Matchless Reformer," is surrounded by the Tory party; the Opposition consists of the ex-Ministers, and includes Sugden, Peel, Horace Twiss, Wetherell, Goulburn, Ellenborough, Wellington, Aberdeen, and others, who are ironically welcoming and encouraging the oration. Hunt's speech is thus reported: "Will the Bill, I ask, do away with places and pensions (cheers)? Will it abolish tithes and taxes (cheers)? In a word, will it make the poor rich and happy (great cheering)? No! It will do none of these! Therefore I say this Bill is all a delusion (tremendous cheering and waving of hats!)" Old Eldon, mounted on the shoulders of his ally, the Duke of Cumberland, is vociferously calling for "One cheer more!"

(68) The House dissolved on the 22nd of April, and the fresh elections took place in May. The nature of John Bull's complaint and the respective views of the rival practitioners, who were called in for consultation, are set forth by HB (May 2nd, 1831), as "Hoo-Loo-Choo—alias John Bull and the Doctors" (No. 68). The national prototype is seated in an arm-chair, his huge corporation seems to have become utterly unwieldy and inconvenient—he occupies the centre of the picture. His doctors "in and out of place" are on the respective sides. John Bull is addressing Lord Grey:—"I can't say that my bodily health was ever better, or that I ever



NO. 67, J. DOYLE: LEAP-FROG DOWN CONSTITUTION HILL, APRIL 13, 1831

With such vehement force and might
Lord King drove all before,

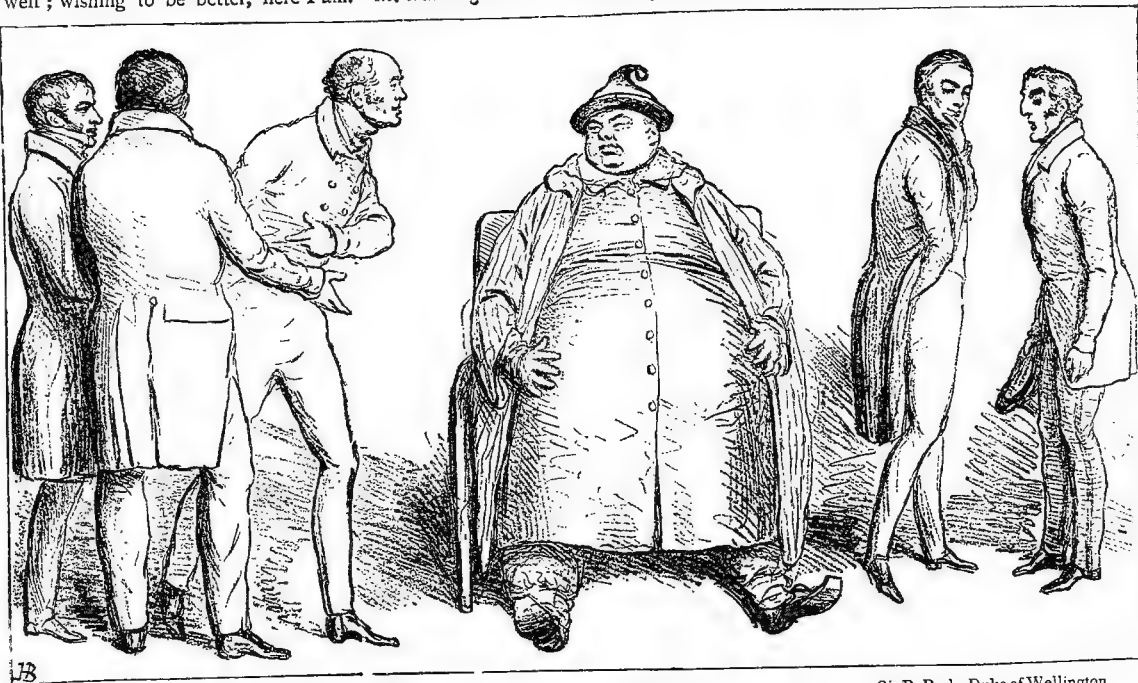
The Bill went through 'twixt Philpot's legs
And turn'd him fairly o'er.
New Cherry Chase.

Medal," rising over the waters, and taking the place of the orb after a rapid decline of ten years, departed this world, 1841." of day. Parliament dissolved on July 24th; owing to some "I was well; wishing to be better, here I am. *Sic transit gloria* intrigues of the "Old Campaigner" at this emergency, the Duke of Wellington was made to appear as "A Detected Trespasser," ordered off the slopes of Windsor by "John Bull, Ranger:" "Halloa, you sir; keep off the grass."

Apocryphos of the same General Election, we find our old friends Sir Francis Burdett and his whilom preceptor and champion, William Cobbett, of "Political Register" repute, engaged in what the artist delineates as "A Character-istic Dialogue" (September 2nd, 1830). "Peter Porcupine," having parliamentary aspirations, is applying to his ancient pupil and ally for a voucher: "Being much in want of a character, I make bold, Sir Francis, to ask you for one; it appearing that your benevolence in this way embraces all sorts of criminals, you cannot consistently refuse me!" Burdett, in spite of this touching reference to his exertions on behalf of the prisoner-inmates of Coldbath Fields, is turning a haughty front to the applicant, "I cannot do anything for you; your character is already Registered."

Incidentally we find a reference to the General Election which was then engaging public attention; Doyle has ingeniously given a novel turn to his view of one of the candidates by introducing a comparison with a performer who was also enjoying popular notice, "The Rival Candidates" (August 9th, 1830). After the elections it was evident that things out-of-doors were moving antagonistically to the interests of the Wellington Cabinet, but the "Old Campaigner" still hoped by stratagem to keep in power, although resolute in asserting that while he kept office no species of reform should take place. The Premier's optimistic confidence "that his Ministry might retain their places for another season" is shown to be misplaced, for the defeat of his Administration was clearly foreshadowed. "Guy Fawkes, or the Anniversary of the Popish Plot" (November 9th, 1830), shows that destruction was abroad; and this cartoon is a late exemplification of the old British institution of burning a Minister when out of favour. The political Guy is, of course, Wellington, the hero of a hundred fights, reproduced in straw, tied to a rickety chair, and is gaily borne to the bonfire by a rejoicing mob of Whig statesmen, his political antagonists.

The results of the General Election of 1830 culminated within a month of the reassembling of Parliament in the substitution of a Whig for a



Lord J. Russell Lord Althorp Lord Grey

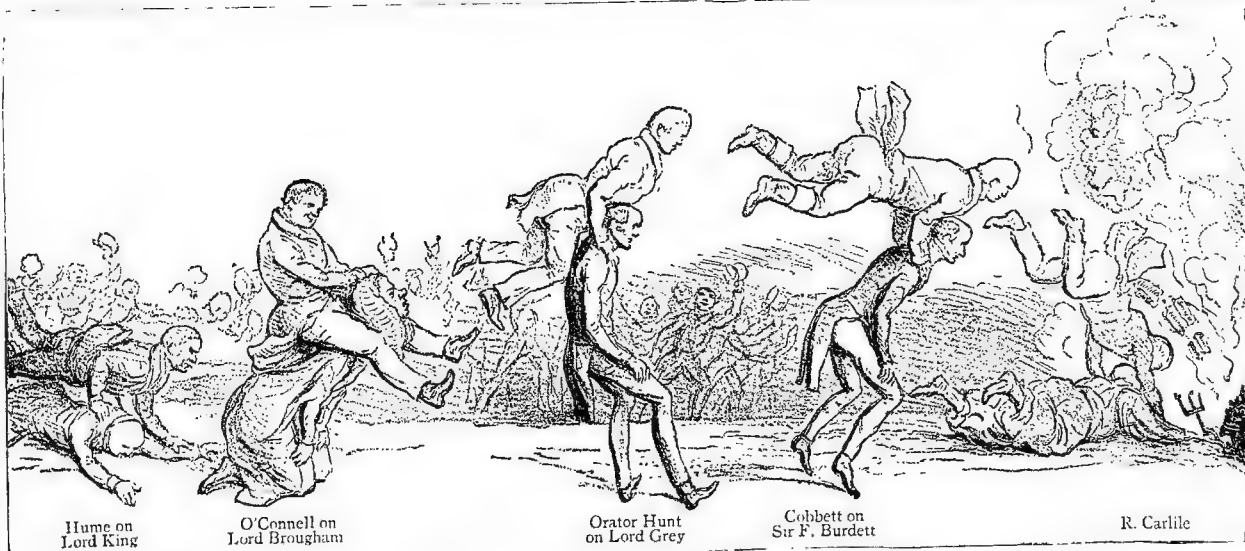
John Bull

Sir R. Peel Duke of Wellington

NO. 68, J. DOYLE: HOO, LOO CHOO, alias JOHN BULL, BETWEEN THE DOCTORS, MAY 2, 1831

felt stronger, though to be sure I am not growing younger; but then every one is telling me how deformed I am grown of late, and this tumour—which I have had from my infancy—is all a mass of Corruption." Grey, while indicating his colleagues, Althorp and Russell, says in reply:—"This deformity is quite inconsistent, believe me, with the nature of your Constitution, and therefore must be got rid of. I will undertake, with your approbation, to remove it, and my assistant, Doctor Russell here, will prepare you for the operation." Russell is observing, "I once thought that a case of this description ought to be treated with great caution, and even wrote, as well as talked, a great deal about it, but now I am quite of a different opinion. I think there is nothing like cutting away through thick and thin!" Sir Robert Peel, one of the dismissed doctors, is on mature consideration inclined to question his past policy, "Yet I begin to think we could have done better, when we found him determined to think that his Constitution was impaired, to have tried, just in the way of soothing, a gentle alterative course." Dr. Wellington is still of his old opinion. "I say that the man has no defect in his Constitution, and that what they call Corruption is necessary to his existence; but now, because he would not believe me, but chose rather to submit to the experiments of those rash operators, Wharnclyffe, who is a sensible man, lays all the blame on me."

The lively proceedings while the returns were preparing were fittingly epitomised by HB as "May Day" (May 4th, 1831), setting forth, as a "Jack-in-the-Green" performance, the new revels of the Revisers of the Constitution. The King occupies the green, which is topped by a crown, and bears the word "Reform," the face of William IV. is peeping through the aperture; Earl Grey is "My Lord," Sir Francis Burdett is almost equally conspicuous; Hobhouse, Hume, and O'Connell are making a good deal of rough music with shovels, and Russell has the Pandean pipes and big drum, on which he is vigorously performing; Lord Brougham, as "My Lady," is going round with the ladle; he is interrogated by the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Eldon as Raven—Joi a Wilson Croker



NO. 69, J. DOYLE; LEAP-FROG ON A LEVEL, OR GOING HEADLONG TO THE DEVIL, MAY 6, 1831
"But God is with us," said the King,
The people must be free,
I will create an hundred peers
If need should ever be.
New Chevy Chase.

letters, painted on the wall, "Reform Bill!" William IV., shading his eyes with his hand, is peering at this legend,* exclaiming, "Reform Bill! Can that mean me?"
(73) Other allusions of a seasonable character were also produced

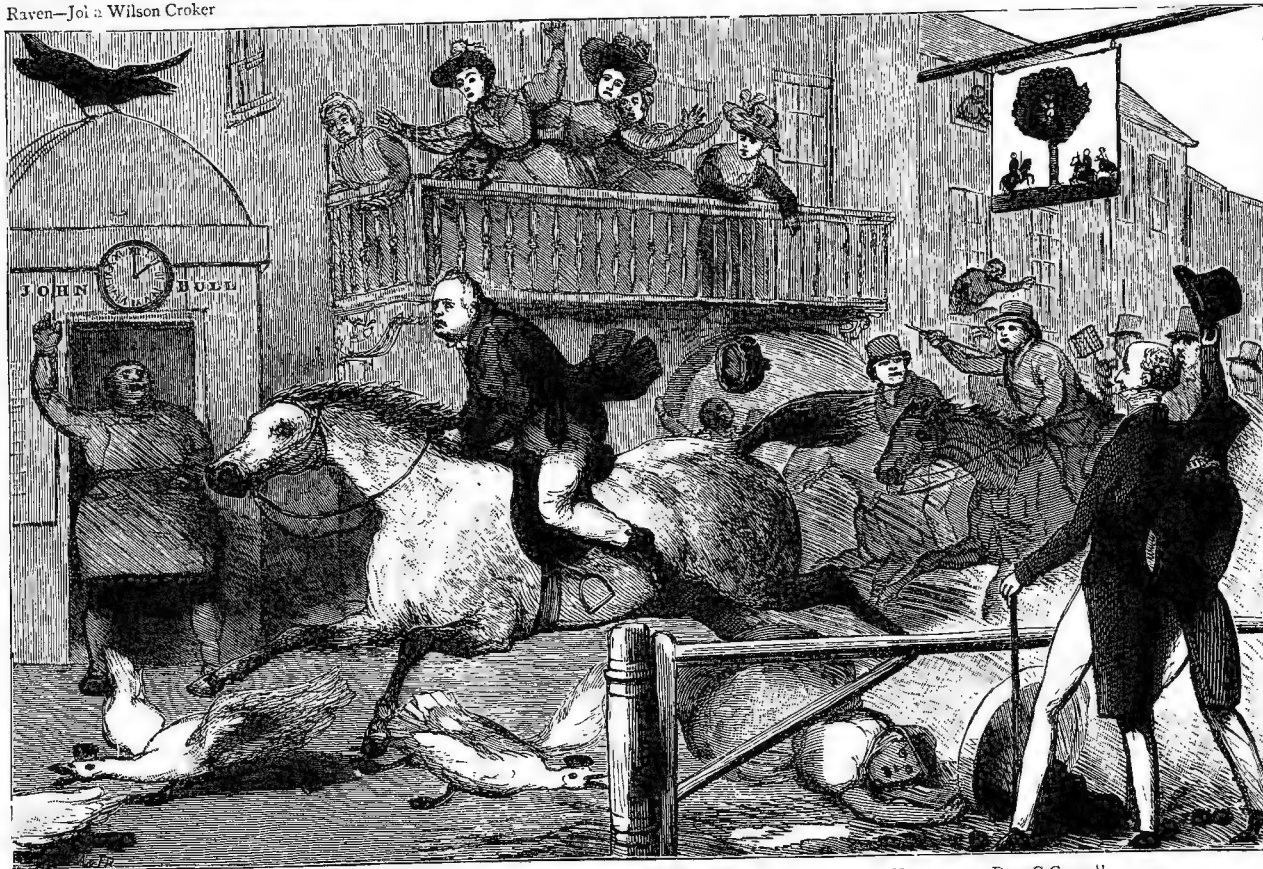
going renovations; Lord Brougham, in his Chancellor's robes, is mounted on a ladder, and employed in touching up the Royal countenance with a pot of varnish. "I think that, considering I was not bred to the trade, I am not a bad hand at bedaubing a King. After all, to produce effect, I find there is nothing like plenty of varnish." Lord Grey, from an open window, is surveying with marked satisfaction his colleague's work. "Canning used to talk about a Red Lion; but I say that, in our reforming times, there is no such sign for a (re)publican as a King's Head, although a Star and Garter is not to be despised!"

(72) The somewhat well-worn subject of the hustings is also treated pictorially amongst the cartoons which appeared during the elections. This version is entitled, "The Rival-Mount-O-Banks, or the Dorsetshire Juggler" (No. 72), May 25th, 1831. The scene of the hustings is again travestied as a fair, "Banks and Co.'s Old-Established Booth" is left quite deserted, a pillar of the Church is the solitary patron. "If our friends don't come up faster we may shut up shop," says the showman, while his assistant is declaring, in allusion to the success of the rival show, "This Juggler is juggling all our customers away from us!" The "Nonpareil Juggler" has, in fact, monopolised all the custom. Lord Grey is the showman; he is holding forth his programme to the numerous patrons, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill of the Performance of the Nonpareil Calcraft." The showman, "Grey, Licensed Dealer in Curiosities," is pointing to a glowing picture of the entertainment to be seen within. Calcraft is in the very act of swallowing a lengthy speech, dead against the principles of the Reform party as represented by Lord Grey; he is described as "Lately exhibited in the metropolis by Monsieur Villainton with unheard-of success." The customers are thus exhorted: "Walk up, gemmen, walk up! Here you may see the most wonderful Juggler, who eats his own words! not at all in the usual way practised by pretenders to the craft, and which is now become almost as common a trick as swallowing the sword, but in a manner the most extraordinary and unparalleled! He likewise plays off many strange antics, quite peculiar to himself and most curious and amusing to behold. I aver, gemmen, I challenge the universal world to produce such a show as this here Juggler makes of himself!" The crowds are flowing in, says one spectator, "I am tired of Banks's Booth, besides, this promises more amusement," and another, "I like novelty, so here goes."

(75) It was felt by the Conservative party that the King, by whose instrumentality the important measure of Reform was alone carried, was bound on an enterprise of which the results were doubtful—and, according to their apprehensions, desperate; they tenaciously fought for the inviolability of corruption.

With nigh two hundred Tories bold,
All men of the old light,
Who knew full well, but would not own
They were not in the right.
And long before this time they had
Been lab'ring in vain,
And fencing round their horo' towns
That must be seized and ta'en.—"NEW CHEVY CHASE."

* Mr. J. Calcraft (W) succeeded in distancing Henry Banks (W), but only lived a few months to enjoy his victory; a fresh election took place in October, 1831, *vice* Calcraft deceased, when Lord Ashley (the late Earl of Shaftesbury) secured the vacant seat; he represented the great cause of humanity.



to the "Man in the Green." The Duke of Gloucester and Lord Londonderry, among the audience, are regarding "My Lady" with suspicion.

(69) The second portion of the new tactics is developed as "Leap Frog on a Level, or Going Headlong to the Devil" (No. 69), May 6th, 1831. The turn of the Reformers has come, and the Radicals are making them submit to the same process as they lately inflicted on the Tories. Carlile is rolling over a churchman to the place of torment, having leaped a trifle too far; the Evil One, as he is declaring in person, "has come to end your games." "The Devil you are," says the publisher of the tracts. Sir Francis Burdett is unwillingly giving a back, "Have I stooped for this?" His old ally, "Porcupine" Cobbett, is leaping heavily on to the baronet's shoulders, "My turn now, old Glory." Grey is staggering while Hunt is "overing" him, "I begin to think this is a very disorderly game." The mob are shouting, "Go it, Hunt," which is displeasing to the now elevated orator, "D—the rabble, they take me for one of themselves." Brougham is brought to his knees, "Hullo! you'll have off my wig." O'Connell, firmly seated on the Chancellor's back, is crying, "Oh! never mind, I'll take care of that!" The King is brought to the earth, "This is the levelling system with a vengeance;" he is overturned by Hume, who is exclaiming, "This summing up is the *tittle* of the whole."

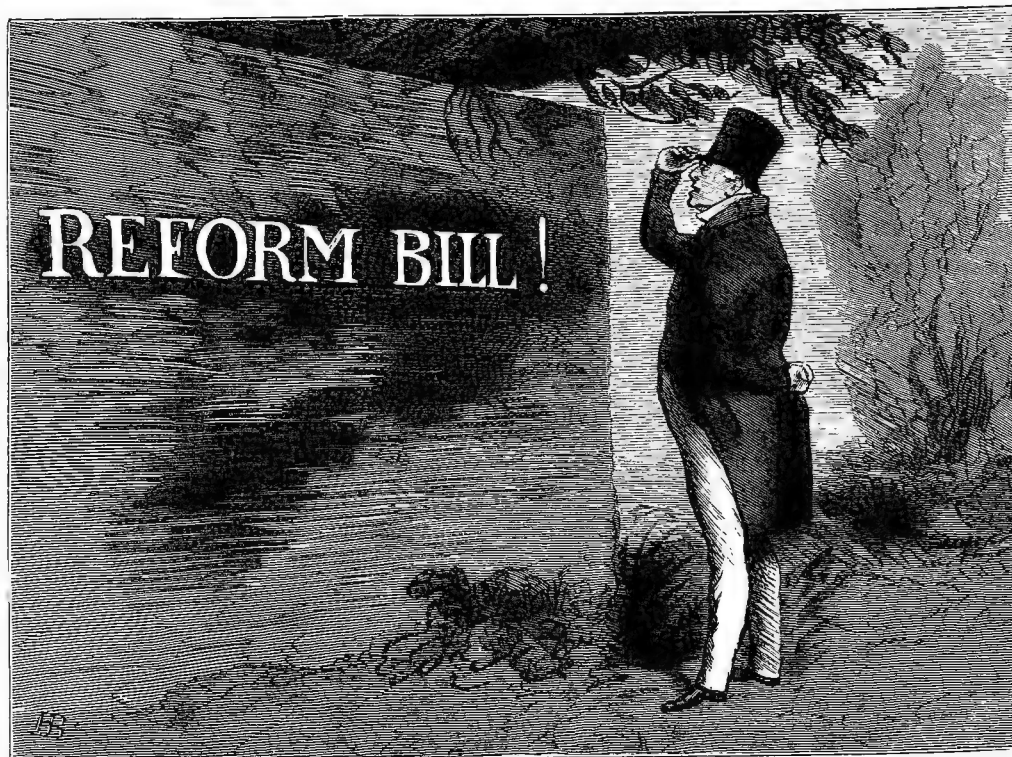
The slaughter of the innocents is figuratively told (May, 1831) in a novel edition of the "Niobe Family;" Lord Grey is the destroyer, his arrows are marked "Reform." The Niobe of this version is the Duke of Newcastle, the smitten are Sir Charles Wetherell, Attwood, Sadler, and others, whose constituencies were threatened with extinction under the Reform Bill.

(70) The motion for Reform, then in full swing, is summed up from a Tory standpoint (May, 13th, 1831); and the legend of "John Gilpin" (No. 70) is pressed into the service of the caricaturist. William IV. is of course the Gilpin of the situation, the bottles slung to his side are ginger beer ones—"Rotunda Pop" and "Birmingham Froth;" the "Grey" horse is running away with the King at a dashing pace, and the Crown is dislodged in the scuffle. John Bull, the "Pike-keeper," has thrown open his gate, and is highly excited at the sport, "Go it, my lads, never mind the turnpike!" Burdett is enjoying the fun, but opines "The Grey is evidently running away with him." Hume, Hunt, O'Connell, Cobbett, and others are following on horseback in the King's wake. One cries, "Make way, make way; we've a great stake depending on it." The Irish Repealer is urging on the pace, "Go along, never mind the geese and old women." The "geese" wear coronets to symbolise the scared Peers scattered by the onslaught, and the "old apple woman" capsized in the rush is Lord Eldon, the Tory ex-Chancellor; Croker is a "croaking" raven. The sign of the inn is changed to a new version of the Crown up in the oak tree, and the balcony is filled with the late Ministers, travestied as the ladies of the Gilpin party; Wellington is distressed beyond measure at this alarming spectacle, and is appealing to John Bull, "Good Mr. Gatekeeper, stop him; he doesn't know where he is going!" Sir Robert Peel exclaims, "Oh, John Gilpin! John Gilpin! where are you going? Don't you know your old friends?" Goulburn is declaring, "He must have lost his senses to ride at such a rate!"

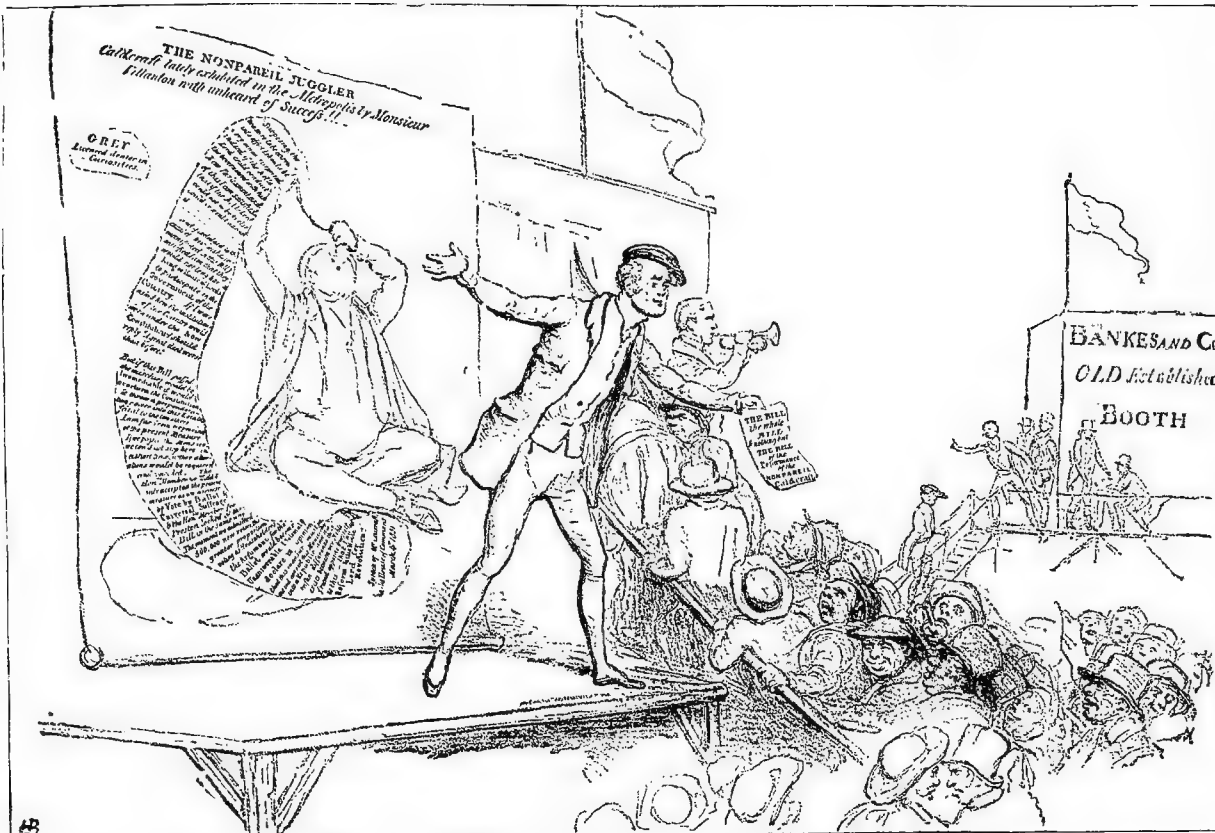
(71) Another admirable version, the felicity of which has been much appreciated, is entitled "The Handwriting on the Wall" (No. 71), May 26th, 1831. The King, taking his constitutional stroll in the Park, has come upon the inscription, in huge white

by Doyle, *à propos* of the tendency of the epoch. One of the best is selected among many, "Varnishing—a Sign (of the Times)," (No. 73), June 1st, 1831. The sign of the "King's Head" is under-

* Much as Gillray made his Royal father scrutinising and blinking at the pre-



NO. 71, J. DOYLE: "THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL," MAY 26, 1831
KING (WILLIAM IV.) *log.*—"Reform Bill? Can that mean me?"

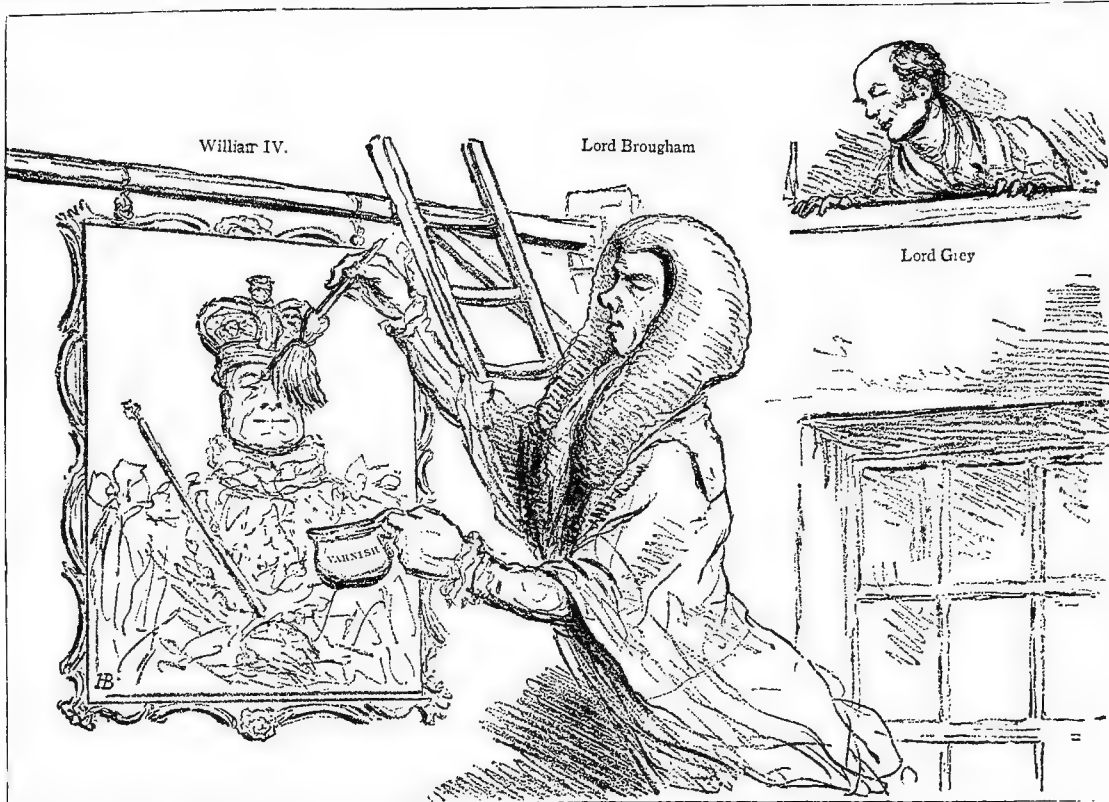


NO. 72, J. DOYLE: THE RIVAL MOUNTBANKS, OR THE DORSETSHIRE JUGGLER, MAY 25, 1831

According to Doyle's new version of "Mazeppa" (No. 75), August 7th, 1832, the King is bound and tied to "Reform," represented as "the wild horse of the steppes," surrounded by wolves, some of whom bear Tory visages, among which the face of the Duke of Wellington is easily identified; horse and rider are overleaping the barrier of "Vested Interests, while beneath the courser rushes the "Revolutionary Torrent," whose volume is increasing. The success of this spirited version induced the designer to publish a second plate (September 25th) presenting the sequel. It is evident in this—which exhibits the wild horse and Mazeppa, his rider, extended on the plain, but apparently uninjured—that the threatening vortex of the "Revolutionary Torrent" has been passed, and neither have been swamped; but the King is landed in the midst of the herd of wild steeds; weirdly careering round the prostrate pair are the rest of the tribe, on whose heads appear the faces of the leading advocates of Reform,—Lord Brougham, Lord Grey, Duke of Richmond, Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp, Sir James Graham, and others.

That Parliamentary Reform, though commenced, was by the extreme party considered but an imperfect measure, is pictorially illustrated in various designs by HB, for instance, the elusive "Time" is shown running away with the great Whig Reform Bill, and Lord Althorp is seen tearing after the vanishing roll, crying "Stop thief!" he has the *Times* in his pocket, presumably the organ by which John Bull's course was piloted, and is vainly trying to come up with the departing thief and his measure, one tiny corner of which Lord Althorp has torn off, "Schedule A," and that promises to be all he can save from the abduction.

(74) Another version, also by Doyle, embodies in graphic form the views of the root-and-branch reformers; a grand trio of Sir Francis Burdett, then a prominent Radical; Joseph Hume, who was all for economic reform, in which important branch he has left no true successor; and Daniel O'Connell, a most important personage in his time, whose covert designs were nothing less than "Repeal;" these gentlemen, who were among the most conspicuous politicians of their day, are linked arm-in-arm as the "Three Great Pillars of Government; or a Walk from White Conduit House to St. Stephen's" (No. 74), July 23rd, 1834, published under the auspices of Thomas McLean, at the Haymarket Gallery, as well as the other examples of Doyle's satirical ability reproduced in this number. Sir Francis Burdett is with much spirit advocating "Equal Representation and Annual Parliaments—and that (a snap of the fingers) for the Borough-mongers." Hume is applauding this resolute front, "Bravo! and Cheap Government;" to which Daniel O'Connell is adding, "And Universal Suffrage, and Vote



NO. 73, J. DOYLE: VARNISHING—A SIGN (OF THE "TIMES"), JUNE 24, 1831



William IV.

NO. 75, J. DOYLE: MAZEPPA—"AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILD CAREER," AUG. 7, 1832
Freemen's votes and grants by Charter,
First-born rights in every quarter,
Law and Justice, Church and King,
These the glorious spoils I bring.

by BALLOT, eh?" with, as a supplement, in a very small whisper, "Repeal of the Union."

The advent of the Ballot was not ardently desired by the Tories, and it was hinted that the consequences of its introduction would entail such inconveniences as are figured in the illustrations (Nos. 78 and 79), rather implying that violence and coercion would henceforth be unavailing, and that as bribery would be in vain also, administrative corruptors would prefer to make a more legitimate use of their money.

The new Parliament only sat from June 14th, 1831, to December 3rd, 1832. Towards the close of the session (November 22nd, 1832) it was hinted that Ministers were not altogether too happy, and that they had flown to stimulants to promote a fictitious confidence. "Ministers and (in) their Cups!" is the title; each has a presentation gold cup in his hand, and a punch bowl is in the centre of the table, the Ministers are half-seas-over, Grey is singing "Here's Comfort when we Fret;" Russell is joining in the chorus. Althorp declares, "I am quite overpowered;" and Brougham, who has farther been presented with a gold toddy-ladle, is crying, "Ah, this is now the greatest consolation which we have left. I wish some one would give poor Palmy a cup!"

(76) "Sinbad [the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea!" vide Fifth Voyage (No. 76), June 8th, 1833, was published after the Dissolution; William IV. is, of course, the marvellous traveller, and the incubus he has allowed to get fixed on his shoulders is the reforming Premier, Lord Grey.

(77) With the renovated and redressed Constitution, the wits hinted that novel accessories would be in request, and that the insignia of Royalty would also have to be revised. Such a suggestion is offered in Doyle's "Original Design for the King's Arms, to be placed over the New Speaker's Chair;" wherein old Cobbett, late "Peter Porcupine," the persistent agitator, who obtained a seat in Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill, is playfully substituted for the British Lion, and the high-bred Sir Francis Burdett, who, as is seen in these electioneering illustrations, had so long figured before the public as a Radical Reformer, and was now beginning to turn to the Tory interest, is usurping the position in the royal escutcheon generally appropriated to the fabled unicorn.

(80) "The Rights of Women, or a View of the Hustings with Female Suffrage, 1853." George Cruikshank, whose hand

was turned to the illustrating of nearly every event which occurred in his long career, has produced Election satires like his contemporaries at the beginning of the century. Later on we find him turning his somewhat waning vigour to utilise the agitation for "Female Enfranchisement," which, as a branch of "Women's Rights," appears to have come before the public in 1852-3. A fanciful and farcical prospect of the Hustings when lady voters should rule the day presents the rival aspirants pictured as "The Ladies' Candidate" and "The Gentlemen's Candidate." The latter is quite left to desolation. "Screw-driver, the Great Political Economist," beyond his boardmen, stands alone; although a placard is mounted advising the electoral community not to vote for "Ignorant puppies," the "Champion of the Fair" seems to have a lively time of it; Cupid, as his representative, upholds the appeal, "Vote for Darling and Parliamentary Balls Once a Week; the Committee and supporters of Sir Charles are ladies, apparelled in the height of the fashions for 1852. Behind the elegant candidate for Parliamentary honours is a group of melancholy troubadours, travestied much as Cruikshank and Thackeray used to depict those worthy guitar-strummers at the now obsolete "Beulah Spa." Great unanimity prevails in the mob; not only are the newly-enfranchised fair ones giving their own votes, they go farther, and coerce the sterner sex, for all the well-regulated males are brought forward, under the influence of beauty, to record their votes for the chosen of the ladies; on the extreme left is seen one forlorn individual who has evidently lingering doubts of Sir Charles' programme, or an inclination to support the political economist, "Ugly Old Stingy," but his wife is forcibly arguing him into an obedient frame of mind. The voters all carry bouquets and wear extensive favours; "Husband and Wife" voters are arrived first at the poll; and, following a mounted champion "in armour clad," with a heart for his device, comes the last section of "Sweetheart Voters," the "male things" docilely following the mistresses of their affections. "The Friends of Sir Charles Darling are Requested to Meet this Evening at the Assembly Rooms—the Hon. Mrs. Manley in the Chair. Tea and Coffee at 7 o'clock." Even Cruikshank's imagination had not risen to the elevation of lady candidates for Senatorial as well as Electoral honours, or he would doubtless have favoured the public with some original (pictorial) views on his question.

JOSEPH GREGO

FINIS



Sir Francis Burdett

Joseph Hume

Daniel O'Connell

NO. 74, J. DOYLE: THREE GREAT PILLARS OF GOVERNMENT, OR A WALK FROM WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE TO ST. STEPHEN'S, JULY 23, 1831

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—"Equal representation and Annual Parliaments," and THAT for the Borough Mongers!
JOE HUME.—Bravo! and "Cheap Government!"
DAN O'CONNELL.—And "Universal Suffrage and Vote by BALLOT" eh?—(With a Repeal of the Union.)



Lord Grey

William IV.

NO. 76, J. DOYLE: SINBAD THE SAILOR AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA (vide FIFTH VOYAGE), JAN. 8, 1833

To lead the mob, 'mid faction's storm,
I rode my hobby-horse—Reform,
And had it all my own way;
Till other levellers ruled the mob,
And then I lost my seat and nob,
Take warning, my Lord Grey.



Duke of Wellington

Lord Eldon

NO. 78, INCONVENIENCES THAT MIGHT HAVE ARISEN FROM THE BALLOT

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—"Yes, my Lord, fifty thousand pounds expended, four-fifths of the votes promised, and yet the Election lost!"
LORD ELDON.—"Oh, horrible!!"



NO. 79, G. SEYMOUR: INCONVENIENCES THAT MIGHT HAVE ARISEN FROM THE BALLOT

"GIPSY-BOY" BLUDGEON-MEN.—"Ar'n't we Gipsy-boys to be your Bullies this Election, my Lord,—if you want anything done, we ar'n't at all partickler what it is?"
FIRST LORD.—"No, I've no use for you NOW!"



NO. 80, C. CRUIKSHANK: THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, OR A VIEW OF THE HUSTINGS WITH FEMALE SUFFRAGE, 1853

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE OLD DAYS—IV.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"An admirable bargain, as it seems to me."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

FARLEY, balancing an egg spoon between thumb and finger, stared hard at an egg before him as if there were a knotty problem in its shell. The postman's knock sounded at the door and roused him. A minute later his wife entered with a bundle of letters, which he took from her hands and began to look over with interjectional hums and hahs.

"Ha!" he said, with sudden interest, "here's a letter from Dobroski. Let me see what *he* has to say. M-m. 'Read your novel—so far as you have sent it to me—with great interest. . . . Work of high genius to my mind.' Sensible fellow Dobroski, my dear, evidently. 'Am at war with you as to your conclusions, but recognise an honest effort towards solution of great and pressing questions.' M-m. 'Wrong here and there as to detail of Russian life. Glad to see you at any hour. Can say in half-an-hour what it would take a day to write.' Good! I'll go and see him this morning."

"Take me out for a walk, papa!" said Austin the younger, who sat on the opposite side of the table.

"Take him out if you can, Austin," urged the boy's mother. "He grows quite pale in London. He gets too little fresh air, poor little fellow."

"I'm quite pale, papa, in London," said the boy, solemnly. "Do take me for a walk."

"Very well," returned the father, laughing at him. "You shall go and see the good old gentleman who found you and brought you back when you were lost in the wood at Janenne."

"Monsieur Jules buried my rabbit in the back garden at the hotel," said young Austin. "He put a tombstone over him in French."

"Austin, he forgets nothing," said the mother, fondly. "You remember the rabbit?"

"Cupid," said papa, regarding him, "you have grown a moustache. Or is it the high tidal mark of the breakfast coffee? The supplementary eyebrow is obvious yolk of egg. I cannot walk with a boy who wears yolk-of-egg eyebrows."

"It will come off, papa," said Cupid, and danced from the room, announcing shrilly to a maid in some distant part of the house that he was going to walk with papa.

Half-an-hour later the two were in the streets, the boy reaching upward to clasp his father's hand and chattering of everything they passed, and the father dropping now and then an absent-minded answer to his raptures.

This little journey was made on the day following O'Rourke's interview with Angela, Mrs. Spry, and Maskelyne, and at the hour when Austin the elder and Austin the younger started O'Rourke rapped at Dobroski's door. At first he had resolved that he would not take any notice of Dobroski's invitation. Nothing seemed to

matter any longer. Things were going to the bad all round, and he was in a mood to welcome, and even to hasten, the final crash. But in a little time his desperation took another turn, and he felt fit to join in the maddest enterprise the old anarchist might unfold before him. In this mood he set out, and in this mood he reached Dobroski, who welcomed him with an air and manner of almost fatherly affection.

"I have asked you to call this morning," he began, "for an important reason. I have received an offer of a hundred thousand stand of arms on terms which are not likely to be secured again. The present political lull deceives the vendors, who think that no chance of sale is likely to occur to them for some time. The arms are stored in New York, and can be delivered at any time in Ireland. We are not fit to use them yet, but the opportunity is one that may never occur again. This," he went on, taking up a leather case and unstrapping it as he talked, "is a specimen. The rifle is the Burdan, and was made for the use of the Russian troops during the Russo-Turkish War. An admirable weapon, little liable to get out of order even with unskilful usage. There are two million cartridges to be had also. I will show you the contract, and you will see how very easy the terms are made. It may be a year or two before we can venture to strike—it may be even three or four years—but it will be well to be in readiness."

O'Rourke knew that Dobroski was doing no more than taking him

at his word in offering him this confidence, but there had been a time, and that but a week or so ago, when he would have recoiled from it as best he could. In his new desperation he welcomed it. Until now he had been content to know that the other men made patriotism pay in vulgar, useful coin, whilst he had only made it pay in reputation. But now he was willing to have a finger in the dirty pie, and he saw at once that he could easily enough have the negotiations trusted to his hand. As for the raising of the money, there were fools enough in America to give anything towards what looked like a serious blow at British supremacy in Ireland, and it would go hard if he could not raise a little more than he would actually need for the purchase of the arms. As for the arms themselves, what had happened before would happen again. The custodians would keep them until they were half forgotten, and would then dispose of them for their own profit. It was likely enough, he told himself with a bitter humour, that these identical rifles had already been bought with American Irish money for revolution, and were now being sold once more to the down-trodden land which already owned them.

That he felt keenly ashamed of his own resolve did not in the least shake him in his adoption of it. If he chose to be high-minded in this ruin of his affairs which had so suddenly fallen upon him, other people, who had not a tithe or a hundredth part of his temptations to push them on, would coolly take advantage of the chance this bargain offered.

He took the weapon from Dobroski's hand, threw open the breech, tried the spring of the trigger, brought the rifle to his shoulder, and glanced along the barrel.

"A good arm," he said then, balancing it in both hands. "They guarantee the bulk to be in the same condition as the sample?"

"Oh, yes," cried Dobroski. "They were manufactured for the Russian Government, and have never been used."

"And the price?"

"Thirty-five thousand pounds buys everything," returned Dobroski. "That is but seven shillings per rifle, and it includes two hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun. An admirable bargain, as it seems to me."

"Don't bid for the ammunition," said O'Rourke. "For my own part I never shoot with last year's cartridges; and to take stuff for war that one wouldn't use even in sport is the sort of thing that only Governments are guilty of. Let the enemy do that, but let us have our ammunition new. We can order it when we want it. And that," he added to himself, "won't be in your lifetime or mine, old gentleman!"

"That is wise," said Dobroski, marching up and down the room with his hands behind him. "That is sensible and practical. We want practical hands for this kind of work. A valuable suggestion." He smiled upon O'Rourke like a father commending a son. The smile was soft, benevolent, and gentle, that the Patriot wondered at it a little.

"He believes in it all," he said inwardly; "and looks like that over it. Odd! Now I know that it will come to nothing; and yet it takes me seriously."

Naturally enough he kept these thoughts to himself.

"By the way, sir," he said, after a little silence, "we must put a trustworthy man upon this work. The gathering and expenditure of so large a sum of money can't be trusted to anybody. Our funds have been villainously misappropriated. There are half a score of gentlemen at large in America who have feathered their nests gloriously out of the money subscribed for the liberation of poor old Ireland. We must have nothing of that sort here, if we can help it."

"Let us manage the matter ourselves," returned Dobroski. "Are you free to move in it?"

"Perfectly," said O'Rourke. "It is a mere tentative act, and can hurt nobody if skillfully managed. And, as you say, it is well to be prepared. It would be a pity to be taken at a loss if the time should come upon us suddenly."

"I do not know why," Dobroski said, pausing before him with a smile, "but I was not sure of you. I had a fear that you were disposed to wait."

"I?" said O'Rourke, managing to smile back upon him, though scarcely with his customary brightness. He was beginning to have less confidence in his own manner than he had been used to have. People were finding him out, and doubting him all round.

"Forgive me if I did you an injustice," said the old man, taking him by the hand. "I remember our talk at Janenne. 'We have struck too often,' you said, 'to care to strike again unless we can strike home. We are ready to strike, but not an ineffectual blow.' You recall our conversation?"

"Assuredly," said O'Rourke. "But I implied no hesitation to make ready. Certainly I felt none, which is more to the point, perhaps."

"I may count upon you then? That is well. My chief anxiety is removed."

"Let us understand each other completely, sir," said O'Rourke, who, desperate as he had felt himself to be an hour ago, began to grow cautious again, now that he came face to face with an actual enterprise. "These arms when purchased must on no account be introduced into Ireland until they are actually to be used. The stroke, when it comes must be bold, swift, and unexpected. There must be no sparring beforehand to put the enemy upon his guard."

"We are at one about that matter," returned Dobroski. "You are a little earlier than I expected you. I named no hour for you, but, in a note which I despatched later, I suggested an hour before noon to my good friend Vroblewskoff, and to Mr. Frost, who will accompany him. When they arrive we can discuss business formally. They will be here almost directly."

Almost as he spoke there came a knock at the door, and a minute later the maid of the house brought in a card.

"Show the gentleman this way," said Dobroski, when he had glanced at it. "I have a call from your old friend, Mr. Farley. It will be but an affair of a few minutes. I will promise to call upon him." He rose to meet his visitor, and received him cordially. "You had my note? That is well. I have your old friend Mr. O'Rourke here." The old friends bowed like old enemies, and Dobroski looked from one to the other in some confusion. "Ha!" he said, to cover his momentary awkwardness. "The child. How do you do, little sir? We are old acquaintances, you and I. Will you shake hands? The brave little man! Sit here awhile, dear little one."

O'Rourke had turned his back upon host and guest, and was staring out of window. Farley was pulling at his moustache, and holding himself with unusual erectness. Dobroski looked uneasily at both of them.

"Will you walk this way, sir?" he said, addressing Farley. The novelist bowed somewhat stiffly, and followed him to the next room, which was evidently the old man's workshop. The table was crowded with books and papers, and a deep wastepaper-basket filled with torn scraps of paper stood beside it. A set of shelves on one side of the room was filled with books. Dobroski closed the door, and drew for a chair for Farley.

"You are unfriends?" he said, with one of his rare lapses out of English. "Can I reconcile you? Command me, sir. I regard and esteem you both."

"I am afraid," said Austin, "that there is no reconciliation possible."

"I am sorry. I am sorry," said the old man. "Good men should not quarrel." He looked rather wistfully at his visitor, who smiled rather constrainedly, and shook his head. "If you say no,

of course I must not attempt it, but I am sorry all the same. I am expecting visitors at eleven o'clock, but we have ample time for everything I desire to say before then."

If Farley and O'Rourke had met with their old cordiality, he would have made another appointment with the novelist, but now he felt that this would have the seeming of a desire to dismiss one visitor in behalf of another.

"I will call again," said Farley. "Or, if you will—come and dine with me. Say this evening."

"No, no, no," cried Dobroski. "You shall not waste your time so. You are a busy man, and I am without occupation until my visitors arrive. I will speak to Mr. O'Rourke." He opened the door which communicated between the two rooms. "Excuse me for a little while," he said. "There are cigars upon the table, and the day's papers."

With this he returned to Farley, having reclosed the door, and taking a little heap of manuscript from one of the drawers of the table he sat down, and began to talk in so picturesque and animated a fashion that Farley forgot all about the treacherous old friend and new enemy in the next room, and listened with absorbed attention. Neither the talker nor the listener noticed a new summons at the street door, or heard voices in the next room.

"Mr. Dobroski is engaged for the moment," said O'Rourke, when Frost and the good Vroblewskoff came in together.

The boy, who at the first sight of O'Rourke had expected to be hailed with a friendly boisterousness, and treated to a free seat on the Patriot's shoulder, had not known what to make of him under his new aspect, and after waiting for some time to be noticed, had betaken himself to one of the windows which looked upon the street. There he wound himself up in a window curtain, and drew upon the dusty panes with his forefinger. He was still concealed when the spy and his companion entered.

"Engaged?" said Zeno, with an oddly foreign gaiety which had distinguished him for a week or so past. "The good Frost and I are a little before our time. We will wait. We will wait. That is but little trouble."

Close on this rang out the boy's clear treble, in a delighted laugh.

"Mr. Zeno!" he cried, and danced out from behind his window curtain.

The spy turned and stooped with a horrible threatening face, both hands drawn back and apart, with the fingers working. The boy fell back frightened, and wondering. O'Rourke by a mere impulse seized the spy by the shoulder, and dragged him back. Zeno's hand went like lightning to his breast-pocket and stayed there, and he fixed an eye like a serpent's on O'Rourke. The Patriot dropped his own hand and smiled. Whatever else he was, he had never been a coward in his life.

He glanced at Frost, and saw that estimable old acquaintance leaning against the wall with a face made ghastly by terror, and both hands groping helplessly outside his coat in the region of the heart.

"My dear little Austin," said O'Rourke in his silkiest voice, "come here. You are frightened." He sat down, and took the child upon his knee. "What made you take this gentleman for Mr. Zeno? Mr. Zeno was a very wicked man, and this is a very nice gentleman, indeed."

"I don't like him," said the boy, shrinking into O'Rourke's arms. "I liked Mr. Zeno."

"This is a very nice gentleman, indeed," said O'Rourke. "What made you think he was Mr. Zeno, Austin?"

"I didn't," said little Austin, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles. "I thought I heard Mr. Zeno speak."

O'Rourke beamed at the child, and hugged him.

"What a funny mistake," he said. "I shouldn't tell that to anybody if I were you. People would think that was quite silly, wouldn't they?"

"Yes," assented little Austin.

Over the little fellow's innocent golden head, O'Rourke looked at Frost and Zeno.

"Monsieur," he said placidly, speaking in French that the child might not understand him, and choosing his phrases to that end, because Austin had mastered a few phrases of the language at Janenne, "I have never met a more striking example of infantine perspicacity. I am prodigiously indebted to our young friend, and shall probably profit a little by this brilliant stroke of his."

There were five or ten minutes of blank silence, and then Dobroski opening the door, looked in, and nodded smilingly at his three friends.

"Good morning, gentlemen. I will join you immediately. Come this way, dear little one. Your father is going away now. Let me see. I think I have somewhere a packet of bonbons. Little people like bonbons, eh? Sometimes old gentlemen eat bonbons, also. I do. Ah, you find that droll? I will be with you immediately, gentlemen."

The smiling old man led the child away, and closed the door with a bow.

CHAPTER XLI.

"BEAUTIFUL summer we are havin'," said Mr. Frost, with a ghastly attempt to seem at ease. His lips were blue, and his eyes were dilated, and curiously pale.

Neither O'Rourke nor Zeno took the slightest notice of him, but each regarded the other fixedly, and each was listening to Farley and Dobroski in the next room.

"I will see you to the door," said Dobroski.

"No, no. Don't trouble, I beg of you. Your friends are waiting."

"This way," said the old man's voice. "Both doors give upon the stairs. You will let me come and see you shortly."

There the voice trailed off into a mere inaudible murmur.

"You are here," said O'Rourke to Zeno, "to discuss the purchase of arms for Ireland?"

"That is why I am here," answered Zeno.

"When that is over we will find a private place somewhere, and discuss another question," O'Rourke said quietly.

"Very well," said Zeno, just as calmly.

"My good friend Mr. Frost is here for the same purpose. I presume Frost was always a Patriot. I have always had the profoundest faith in Frost." It was not a very curious thing perhaps that O'Rourke should despise Frost for treachery, but however that may be, he did it, and his contempt was real and hearty. It was probably mingled with some contempt for Frost's manners and aspect, and with a low estimate of his mental powers, for it is always easier to despise the moral lapses of the despicable than to think meanly of the ill-deeds of commanding people.

Dobroski returned, and shook hands with Zeno, and with Frost. He had been talking with Farley about the iniquities of Russian rule, and his own speech had so warmed him that he looked almost young again, and his ordinary air of absent-mindedness was cast off for one of vigorous alacrity.

"Let us get to business, my friends," he said, and began to draw up seats to the table. Zeno and O'Rourke took this small task from his hands. When all were seated Frost faced Dobroski, and O'Rourke faced Zeno. Frost was in such a state of abject fear that his shaking limbs set the table shaking, and he had to draw a little back from it lest this should betray his agitation. It was all the worse for Frost that it was by his agency that the offer of the arms had reached Dobroski, for this fact naturally made him the centre of inquiry, and for the time being Frost felt as if he knew nothing about anything. It was not sympathy for his friend Zeno which

plunged him into this depth of distress, and he had wit enough to know that every sign of discomposure he betrayed was a new proof of his own guilt. Yet with Zeno discovered, Frost was probably the unhappiest person at that hour in London. It had really never seemed worth while to run such risks as were encountered daily in his business for so mere a pittance as he drew for it. The charms of a life without labour withered and grew sterile under the influence of this blighting atmosphere of dread. Frost vowed and swore within himself, that if he only got off this time he would look about for a berth in which it would be possible to lie down without the constant fear of shipwreck.

Dobroski and O'Rourke discussed the business of the morning seriously, and Zeno's aspect of seriousness was complete. The Patriot had never before concerned himself personally in an enterprise of this kind, and would scarcely have cared for Frost as a colleague even now, if he had not felt so sure of his hold over him. The discovery of the morning alone would have given him a power which Frost would have been powerless to fight against, and even apart from that he knew enough to break him a score of times over.

When the morning's business was finished, and it had been finally arranged that the whole details of the purchase should be left practically in O'Rourke's hands, with Frost to act as his intermediary, the three guests took their leave together.

"Where can we have that talk I spoke about?" asked O'Rourke as they came upon the street.

"You can come to my rooms, if you please," responded Zeno, somewhat sullenly.

"Very well," said O'Rourke. "That will do as well as anywhere. I do not know how many people in London are aware of your identity, Mr. Vroblewskoff," he added smilingly. "I am averse to saying anything that may be disagreeable, but I do not know that it will be altogether to my advantage to be seen with you."

"We can take a cab," Zeno answered, more sullenly than before.

"We had better take a four-wheeler," said O'Rourke. "We cannot dispense with Mr. Frost's society. I think we shall find a cab-stand round the corner."

They found a cab-stand, entered a four-wheeler, and on Zeno's order were driven to his residence.

"On second thoughts," said O'Rourke, "we will find other quarters, Mr. Vroblewskoff. I happen to know a very respectable and quiet restaurant, near your house, where we can have a private room. It is getting near luncheon time. Suppose we drive there?"

"As you please," returned Zeno.

"Frost will defray the expenses of the banquet," said the smiling Patriot.

"I will," said Frost, with unusual and unlooked-for alacrity.

The change of destination was communicated to the cabman, and in a little while the three were seated together in quiet. Frost ordered cold lunch, salad, and Moselle cup, and these being supplied intimated to the waiter that they wished to be left alone until they should ring for his further attendance.

"I had not the advantage of knowing you very intimately at Janenne," O'Rourke said, when they were finally left alone.

"Even if I had had that advantage, I do not believe I should have recognised you, but for the little accident of this morning. We have a proverb to the effect that little pitchers have long ears. I shall think of that proverb with respect for ever after to-day."

"You choose to be facetious, sir," said Zeno, with an air of chagrin. "I will not pretend not to understand you, but your good fortune is less agreeable to me than it is to you. Will you kindly make a matter of business of our talk, sir?"

"That is just what I wish. I happen at this moment to be pressed for eleven hundred pounds."

"Ah, sir!" said Zeno, "if I should happen to be pressed for any such sum as that, I am afraid I should be forced to quit the country."

"I am about to transfer the pressure from my shoulders to your own," said O'Rourke, quietly. "The sum is small enough in all conscience. I merely mention it because I happen to want it now. It does not leave me a solitary five pound note when my immediate necessities are met. Your employers will find my humble charge no more than a fleabite, Mr. Vroblewskoff."

"Very well," said Zeno, "I throw up my hand and go. That is all. It is not in my power to find such a sum, or anything like such a sum."

"You know as well as I how far you could go if you threw up your hand this moment. Perhaps Mr. Frost can help you. Or are you also?"—turning to Frost—"inclined to throw up your hand, and go?"

"I can't find any money," said Frost, mopping his moist palms with a table napkin. "But Mr. Vroblewskoff has got the control of unlimited stores.—No, Mr. Vroblewskoff, I'm fairly cornered, and I've got to make the best terms for myself that I know how to. I've served you fair and square, though I say it, and it's doo to myself to speak up. It's a great disaster from our way of looking at it, but if Mr. O'Rourke makes it nothing but a question of dollars, what you've got to do is to find the dollars, and plank 'em down. It was understood that I wasn't to be left in the lurch, or split upon. I'm sorry to seem to be against you, but rely I think Mr. O'Rourke's proposition is about as gentle as we could look for. I do. I must say that, whatever happens, I've always known Mr. O'Rourke act like the real gentleman, and it's my opinion that he's maintaining his reputation now."

"Mr. O'Rourke will know how to value your testimonial, my good Frost," said Zeno sardonically. "And I shall know how to value your loyalty, and how to represent it in the proper quarter."

"Now, now," said O'Rourke, smiling still. "You, gentlemen, may settle your own personal differences at any time. As for Mr. Frost's loyalty, Mr. Vroblewskoff, you should have known how to value that before to-day, I fancy. You were good enough to suggest that we should make a matter of business of our talk. Shall we do so?"

"I cannot find so exorbitant a sum," said Zeno. "There is an end. I throw up my hand and go."

Luncheon was the merest pretence with all of them, but when Zeno had made this proclamation he took up his knife and fork and ate a resolute mouthful or two.

"Very well," said O'Rourke, "we will consider that final and decisive. It now remains with me to deal with my friend Mr. Frost. It was you, Frost, who introduced Mr. Dobroski to Mr. Vroblewskoff, or to speak more accurately—for I have the story of their encounter from Dobroski himself—it was under your roof that they met. You know your own responsibilities, and you make no effort to deny them. Your employer here speaks of throwing up his hand and going away. That is all very well for him, perhaps, but what are you going to do?"

"I don't see the drift, sir," said Frost shakily. "I should feel obliged if you'd allow me to ring for a glass of whisky. This tack doesn't put any sort of heart in a man, and I feel shook. That is a fact."

There was a pause in the conversation whilst Frost rang for his whisky. When the waiter appeared he ordered two glasses of that restorative, and having received them both, he emptied one and nursed the other, in readiness against any new shock he might encounter.

"Now," O'Rourke began again, "if Mr. Vroblewskoff throws up his hand and goes, what do you propose to do?"

"I can make a clean breast of it," said Frost, in answer to this repeated question.

"Ah!" said O'Rourke, "I think you see the drift now. You can

make a clean breast of it. For instance, on my promise that I will see you through your own part of the difficulty, you will begin your work of repentance by putting yourself under my orders."

Mr. Zeno had an uncomfortable-looking habit, which is not at all uncommon amongst his countrymen, of using a table knife overhanded, holding it not as civilised people do, but dagger-fashion, as if ready to stab with it. He held his knife so now, and the gesture and the look with which he turned towards Frost at this question seemed so threatening, that the Irish-American arose hastily, and put the width of the table between Zeno and himself.

"I've always known you act like a gentleman, Mr. O'Rourke," said the coward. "I'm ready to do anything if you'll see me through."

"That gives me an advantage, you observe," said O'Rourke. "I have a messenger ready to my hand, and it may be easier for you to find so small a sum as I have named before we part."

"You frightened hound," snarled Zeno. "Do you think you are safer against me than against him?"

"I've got myself to take care of," returned Mr. Frost. "I ain't so pretty as you to look at, but I'm a heap fonder of myself for all that. It was all right for you to throw your hand up and go, but where am I to go to? What am I to do? It isn't thick enough, Mr. Wroblewskoff."

The mean creature's open contempt for his vanquished master, now that he had found a protector, was a sight to see.

"Now, Mr. Wroblewskoff," said O'Rourke. "You know the esteem in which Mr. Dobroski is held by many gentlemen in London. It may be less easy to throw up your hand and go than you had fancied."

"I cannot find such a sum of money," said Zeno with an air of desperate resignation. "I will tell you what I can do. I can put myself under the protection of your police."

"Will you ring the bell for me, Frost?" asked O'Rourke. Frost rang the bell, making a somewhat crab-like progress across the room in order to keep an eye on Zeno. "Bring me a dozen telegraph forms," said O'Rourke to the waiter. There was another pause, and when the forms were brought, and they were again alone, O'Rourke handed the sheets to Frost. "Go to that table," he said, "and write to my dictation. Are you ready? Never mind Mr. Wroblewskoff, Frost. I will take care of him. Now, if you please, write. 'Guard every dock and station. Wroblewskoff is Zeno. Repeat that on every form. Address to Bremner, to Dobroski, Slater, Hughes, MacAdam, Joyce; address them from yourself at your own address. I will give you more names by-and-by.'"

Frost wrote one form after the other, shooting a shifty, frightened eye at Zeno every now and then. Zeno leaned back in his chair, looking from Frost to O'Rourke with a mischievous snakiness of glance, which expressed with tolerable clearness his own feeling at the turn affairs had taken. O'Rourke, with his hand on the back of a chair, stood at the head of the table, and never took his eyes from Zeno for an instant.

"Write me a telegram, my faithful Frost," said Zeno suddenly. "Date from here. 'From Angelo, 'A n g e l o,' to Dr. Brün, 'B r ü n,' two dots over the u, my good Frost, if you please. 'Thirty-eight, Hollington Place, N.W.' Have you that down? 'Cheque book. Immediate.' That is all."

"Give me the other forms, Frost, if you please," said O'Rourke. "It will save trouble to keep them, perhaps. It would be a pity to have to re-write them. Thank you."

"Shall I take this?" asked Frost.

"No, thank you," returned O'Rourke. "Give it me. I will end it. We are so very happy all together here, that it would be a pity to part just yet. You may ring the bell again.—We are giving you a good deal of trouble, I am afraid," he said suavely, to the waiter when he came. "Frost, be so good as to give the waiter a shilling for this message, and a shilling for himself. Thank you. Will you see that that is sent at once? Thank you. At once if you please. When you have sent it you may bring me a cigar and a cup of coffee."

Frost sat at his table nervously eyeing Zeno, and dreading every motion he made. It was a habit of Zeno's to carry fire-arms, and the memory of that fact made Frost unhappy. Zeno sat at his table, and smoked one cigarette after another. O'Rourke walked up and down the room with an unlit cigar between his lips. His heart was as bitter as gall and as heavy as lead, though his momentary triumph had seemed to sweeten and lighten it a little, and the struggle which led to the triumph had taken him out of himself for a time. He had meant to have done with all this crowd of fools, and fanatics, and rascals, and here he was forced back among them, and for the first time in his life was compelled to dip his hands in their abominable chicaneries. Every man has his own standard of virtue, and O'Rourke had prided himself on keeping his hands unsoiled by bribes. He had lied and pretended a good deal in his life, but he had done it so well that until lately he had never been exposed and out-faced. There are thousands of people with whom detection is the only conscience, and though the possession of brains argues the possession of conscience as a rule, he had been one of them. He found detection bitter. He found the unhidden contempt of Maskelyne and Angela hard to bear in his own spirit. He had valued Farley as much as it was in his nature to value anybody, and his contempt was also hard to bear. Now, if he had been a rogue before—and he began shrewdly to suspect as much—he was a rogue twice told, for he was betraying for money a man whose own honesty was above suspicion, and who trusted him with all his heart. A month ago, at any time, indeed, in all his life before his late mischances fell upon him, he would have denounced Zeno, and would have scorned a bribe to hide him. And after all the bribe was so very, very pitiful. Eleven hundred pounds was not much for which to sell the last remnant of that garment of self-respect which he, as well as any man alive, had liked to wear. He took the telegrams from his pocket, and looked them over one by one, whilst Zeno watched him, and Frost watched Zeno. He had more than half a mind to send them now, and let loose whatever mischief might befall the man whose failure in his dirty trade had brought him this temptation. A flush of wrath, and of something that felt like virtuous heat ran through him from head to foot, but he put the telegrams back again in his breast-pocket, and went on thinking, and walking up and down.

They had all kept silence for an hour, when Zeno spoke.

"I presume, sir," he said then, "that it is an understanding that if I can secure the sum you name I am to be left at perfect freedom."

"To do what?" demanded O'Rourke, turning almost savagely upon him. His own thoughts galled him hard.

"To remain in safety in London," replied Zeno.

O'Rourke walked up and down the room twice or thrice before he answered. This question made the issue clear.

"Tell me one thing," he demanded. "There is no personal mischief intended for Dobroski."

"None," said Zeno, calmly.

"You are merely watching him?"

"Merely that."

O'Rourke fell to walking up and down again.

"That is no affair of mine," he said, after pacing twice the length of the room.

Then there was silence once more until the waiter came up, to ask if Dr. Brün were expected there. A moment later Dr. Brün, a spectacled and bearded gentleman of middle-age and professional aspect, entered the apartment, and raised his hat in salutation.

(To be continued)



"LIVELY" as was "the Grecian in his land of hills," we have come to recognise, especially since the finds in Cyprus, that his sculpture was not wholly self-evolved. He owed a great deal to the Phœnicians, whose art was nearly all borrowed from Egypt and Assyria. Hence of Miss Jane E. Harrison's "Introductory Studies in Greek Art" (Fisher Unwin), a good half is devoted to "The Predecessors," the distinctive feature of Greek genius being stated to be Ideality, expressed by Pheidias in stone, by Plato in articulate speech. From Miss Harrison's forty pages the general reader may learn as much about Egyptian Art—how it began in realistic portraiture, like the Lady Nefert in her *serdib* at Meydum: how the *ka*, or corporeal double, who lived on inside the tomb, was under the Theban dynasties replaced by the *ba*, or spirit—as from a whole library of Egyptology. She never hesitates in her explanations; her mind is fully made up, and on the whole we believe she is as correct as she is clear in her judgments. Of Chaldeo-Assyrian Art, of which the *motif* was Symbolism, there is less to say; but the Phœnicians bring us very near to Greece. This nation of middle-men, whose Art was eclectic and decorative, "came like a Providence to save all needless effort to a race beloved of the gods." Happily for the pupils Phœnician Art was in the main anthropomorphic, and Phœnician teachers were not crushingly near as in Cyprus. There and in Lesser Asia Oriental influence was too strong. True Greek Art begins in the Far West with the Metopes of Selinus, belonging to various dates from B.C. 630 to 409. Of these the most archaic show the childish trick of giving full face and chest while the limbs are drawn in profile. Miss Harrison is doubtless right in thinking that Pheidias, like other great artists, had successive periods. In the Parthenon Metopes—Amazon against Greek warrior, Lapith against Centaur—she sees his earlier manner, the idea being that light does not come without a struggle with darkness. To the figures in the pediments and the frieze ("that panorama of worship still day by day unrolled") she gives praise which is valuable because it is discriminating. Woman-like, she notes how perfectly in the Pheidias statues (not in those by later artists) is wrought the selavage, "crumpled in a way to which the modern hem is fatal." After Pheidias, in comment on whom we are treated to the myth of the car with winged horses in Plato's "Phædrus," comes Praxiteles, "of whose masterpiece, the Aphrodite of Cnidus, we dare not even think in connection with such vile parodies as the Venus de Medici." (What a change in Art criticism these words betoken!) In his Hermes, discovered in 1877 by the Germans at Olympia, Miss Harrison thinks there is a falling-off—a god ought not to be leaning against a tree; but the falling-off in the realistic fragments of the Altar of Eumenes at Pergamos is far greater. We have spoken at length of this book because we take it to be a very important contribution to Art criticism. Those who know Miss Harrison as an Art lecturer will be anxious to read her in print; and they will find her worth reading.

Mr. Andrew Lang's series of "English Worthies" (Longmans) begins well. The intention is to treat each hero as "a man of strong personal character, acting on the tendencies of his age, and on the fortunes and dispositions of future generations," and certainly no man has done more to guide the tendencies of his age than "Charles Darwin." Moreover, for such lives the great thing is to select fitting writers; and who could be found more thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Darwin, and better able to gracefully express his sympathy, than Mr. Grant Allen? While fully recognising Darwin's limitations—his rationalism, if we may dare use the term—he entirely believes in him as the "Apostle of Evolution," and this very belief makes him eager to give their full meed to the fore-shadows and fellow-discoverers, such as Dr. Wells, who in 1813 explained by natural selection the production of special races of men, and Mr. P. Matthew who, in 1831, in the appendix to his book on "Naval Timber," uses language almost identical with Darwin's own, and Mr. Herbert Spencer who, in the *Westminster Review* in 1852, reproduced Wells's views, and, above all, Mr. Wallace who, in 1858, sent home from Amboyna, through Darwin, a perfect outline of the natural selection theory, to be forwarded to the Linnean Society. Even then, of the great work on which he had so long been incubating Darwin only published a few extracts, which Sir C. Lyell and Sir J. Hooker thought should appear side by side with Wallace's memoir. Of Buffon, too, and Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck Mr. Allen says just the right thing; on our old friend the "Vestiges of Creation" some will think him unfair. He calls it "a flabby invertebrate presentation of the evolutionary case, a pale and colourless transcript of the old teleological Lamarckism," which Darwin must have been tempted to refute by publishing his own work—a temptation that he happily resisted till his accumulation of facts was complete. To many it will be news that from Malthus's book first flashed in on Darwin's brain the idea of natural selection. We are glad to hear that Mr. Allen's work in no way interferes with the "Life" promised by Mr. F. Darwin.

With "Marlborough" Mr. Saintsbury's task differs wholly from Mr. Allen's with Darwin. We fail to see wherein Marlborough "acted on the dispositions of succeeding generations," except in the way of proving that it is possible to be great while "playing to win," and showing the keenest regard for one's own interests. No special pleading can convert this traitor to both sides, who is answerable alike for James's abdication and for the disaster of Camaret Bay, into a noble character; but Mr. Saintsbury is right in saying that Archdeacon Coxe's lament about "the purest characters being maligned" is not more unreasonable than the measureless abuse indulged in by Macaulay and Thackeray. The former, with "those question-begging innuendoes of his which are among the most immoral things in literature," comes in for a good many vials of wrath; and deservedly, for while he judges Marlborough by an ideal standard wholly unsuited to the times, he makes a stainless hero of the man who plotted against his uncle, father-in-law, ally, and friend. After all that has been said of Marlborough's campaigns, Mr. Saintsbury's summary of them will still be read with interest; but it is to the man, and not to his battles, that he devotes the greater part of a volume which is quite worthy of the series so well begun by Mr. Grant Allen.

Mr. S. W. Kershaw's "Protestants from France in Their English Home" (Sampson Low and Co.) is, as he calls it, "a little book on a great subject." Nevertheless, it contains not only an epitome of the whole history, but several hitherto unpublished letters, &c. Beginning with Bucer and John à Lasco and the first Walloon settlements, Mr. Kershaw goes on to the later refugees, mentioning, of course, such names as Jortin, Rapin, Casaubon, Romaine. In his closing chapter he discusses the present state of French Protestantism, Dr. Bersier's work in Paris, the establishment of the "Huguenot Society of London," and the co-operation of America in the recent Bicentenary. Few of us know that the Savoy congregation always conformed to the English Liturgy, and that the Chapel Ward was, while they worshipped there, "the fashionable West End church."

In "Nature and Her Servants" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), Mr. Theodore Wood's aim is to show in very simple language how the structure of animals is adapted to their manner of life. Abundantly illustrated, the book "presents facts in an interesting and attractive manner," and is an excellent introduction

to wider zoology. We lately noticed Mr. Wood's smaller works, "Our Insect Enemies," &c.; this, containing nearly 500 pp., is equally readable, though to the Darwinian its usefulness is marred by the pronounced teleology which runs through it from beginning to end.

"A Voyage Round the Cape to Australia" in a steamer, with promenade deck 200 feet long, a drawing-room 9 feet high, and a pleasant company up to all games, from high-class theatricals to "dumps" and "sling the monkey," and high-cockalorum and hop-scotch, is just the thing to set up a young man or maiden who has been growing too fast, or whose lungs are delicate, or in whom some over-strain has induced chronic dyspepsia. "The Orient Line Guide" (Sampson Low), edited by the well-known Mr. Loftie, with the help of Mr. E. Baden Powell and Mr. Middleton-Wake and Mr. Norman Lockyer, is a *multum in parvo*, containing chapters on navigation, time, weather, natural history, besides a good sketch (for Australians) of the old-world cities, those of Italy by Mrs. H. Fawcett, and an account of the Australias (for Europeans) by Mr. H. E. Watts. No wonder this new edition (largely altered from its predecessors) was called for; for since 1877 this line has carried more than 100,000 passengers to and fro.

The "Orient Guide" maps are excellent, but naturally they are not so full or so numerous as those in Messrs. Keith Johnston's "Colonial Atlas of Oceania," which contains thirteen, including Fiji and New Caledonia. In the map of New Guinea the British portion looks shrunken compared with Germany's slice and the far larger tract claimed by the Dutch.

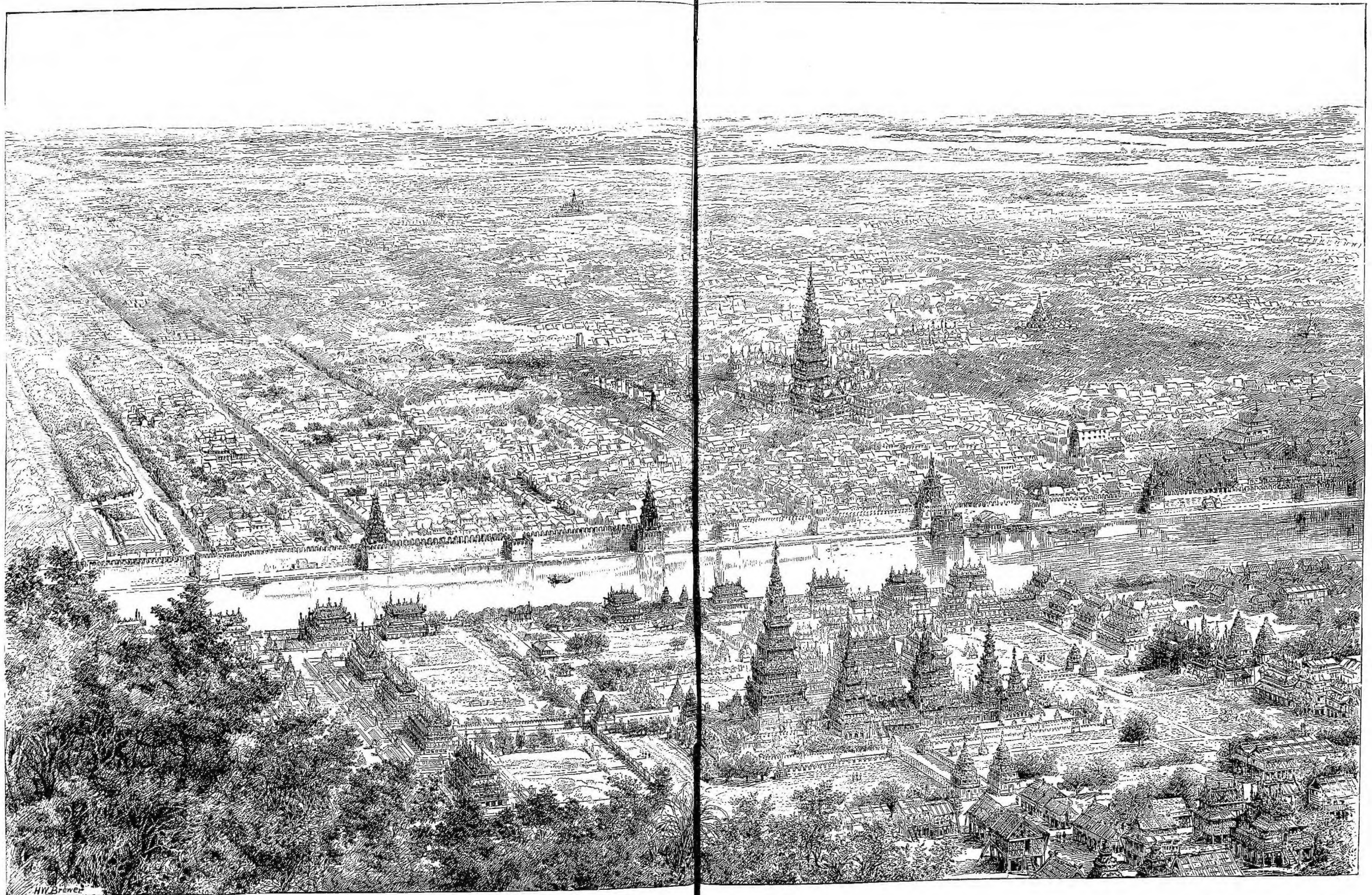
In noticing some of Mr. Leighton Jordan's other books, we have seen that instead of gravity he prefers to say vis-inertia, believing that this latter force is the cause of gravitation. The disagreement of authorities like Sir J. Herschel and Captain Maury and Major Rennell as to the course of ocean currents is wide enough to justify Mr. Jordan in putting forward a new explanation, and asserting that winds are only local causes, and that these currents are due to cosmical laws. "The Ocean: a Treatise on Ocean Currents, &c." (Longmans), is a new edition of the work which followed "The Treatise on Vis-Inertia in the Ocean" (1868). It is the work of an acute observer, who marshals with much skill a strong body of facts in support of theories which cannot but interest the practical mathematician.

With Colonel Julius Barras's four volumes, two on "India and Tiger Hunting," two on "Our Indian Stations" (Sonnenschein), and Major General Burton's "Reminiscences of Sport in India" (Allen and Co.), the most voracious appetite can hardly fail to be satisfied for many a long month. Such books must be invaluable amid the dreariness of Indian cantonment life; and we can fancy them giving such an impetus to sport as sensibly to diminish the number of big game wherever there are subs eager to rival the exploits of their seniors. "Lively but monotonous" will probably be the verdict of those who read in cold blood about Indian sport in a country where bears and tigers are only to be found in Zoos. But where Government will lend elephants, where shikaries are trusty and cheap, and where time has to be killed as well as man-eating beasts, these books will be hailed as a godsend. General Burton chiefly treats of the West Coast and Southern India. He has plenty to say about Vellore and the crocodiles in its fort-ditch, about cholera at Secunderabad, bears at Cumbum and Cuddapah and Pericait, and tigers almost everywhere. He has notes on matters of every kind, from the phenomenon of the "putrid sea" on the Malabar coast to the reason why the Madras army, being weighted with wives and cousins and aunts, could not join in the Mutiny. He is a poet, and reprints "Childe Jones's Pilgrimage" from the *Indian Sporting Gazette*. He is, withal, as playful as a kitten, and tells us with schoolboy glee how he could not help applying a lighted cigar to a rent which suddenly showed in the rear of his chum's flannels. After this confession it is scarcely fair of him to talk of shooting accidents, "bringing to the front the latent hatred of the white man which lies at the heart of our Aryan brothers," because an old woman would not at once be pacified when an officer, who had peppered her with two barrels of small shot, explained in choice vernacular that it was all a mistake. "Well," she naturally asked, "but why fire the second shot?" General Burton believes in the Arab proverb that, "the stick came down from heaven;" and so does Colonel Barras for when, near Ahmednugger, he was told no carts or bullocks were to be had, he "hit out right and left, oblivious of the Nizam and the British public, giving the two ringleaders in the refusal a black eye apiece," and was rewarded by seeing them come in and meekly help to load the carts which they had before sworn should never be requisitioned. Colonel Barras has a good deal of interesting, and to sportsmen, useful matter about the ways of the that wayward though sagacious beast, the elephant. Strange bits of pathos, too, crop up now and then in his volumes. It is strange that in a famine high-caste Brahmin ladies must die behind their screens, because to give food without seeing the recipient would mean a wholesale system of deception. His "Indian Stations" is of more general interest than his "Tiger Hunting." From Aden to Hyderabad he describes with great *verve*, and we are sure that, despite his warning that "the public is sick of India," he will find plenty of readers.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have sent us an admirable wall map of the West India Islands. It is well printed, and the various islands are as clearly defined as could be wished. Accompanying it is a little Geographical Handbook of the West Indies, which gives a great amount of information in a very small space. The same publishers also forward a Chart of Ancient Greek History, which, conveniently folded in a portable form, gives a well-tabulated survey of Grecian history from the prehistoric period to the conquest of Greece by the Romans. For more infantile students Messrs. Johnston have published some roller wall pictures of a lion and tiger, well coloured, and with a paragraph descriptive of the habits and habitat of each animal.



MR. D. CHRISTIE MURRAY's novel, "Rainbow Gold," which attracted so much notice during its course through a magazine, has appeared in its three-volume form (Smith and Elder). As its admirably-chosen title denotes, its leading motive is a vain search for false treasure, ending in the discovery of a true one—on the part at least of one out of the many *dramatis personæ*. And it is prefaced by some graceful verses which also point the same moral in more than one way. There is, however, much more in this romance, for such the novel must be called, than the elaboration of its principal idea. We are introduced to a great number of new acquaintances who, without injury to their typical and properly human qualities, have, each and all, after Mr. Murray's method, some point of originality. In many respects it is the best work its author has produced since the appearance of "Joseph's Coat," which is saying a great deal; and—in reference to its style—is unquestionably the best without exception. There was some fear at one time lest Mr. Murray's legitimate peculiarities of style should become mannerisms; a fear which, judging from "Rainbow Gold," need exist no longer. The time has now arrived, as it always must in the case of a novelist of Mr. Murray's calibre, for subjecting him to the more searching sort of criticism, and to regard faults as



THE END OF THE BURMESE WAR, AND THE OCCUPATION OF MANDALAY BY BRITISH TROOPS, NOV. 28—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY

standing more in need of pointing out than merits which the whole novel-reading world has learned to perceive without aid. And we cannot hold that he advances in the supremely difficult yet indispensable art of construction. The characters and incidents, however excellent in themselves, have little more than a purely arbitrary connection, and the points of effect are managed too melodramatically for the suggestion of genuine realism. Another fault is that his characters talk too much in one style—that of their creator. We will undertake to say that, well as Mr. Murray knows the Black Country, and well as he may know the rustic, nobody of the class he principally deals with in "Rainbow Gold" ever did, could, or will talk as he makes them. He seems to put himself into them, and to come out of them again unchanged. However, strongly marked individuality on the part of an author cannot be obtained without a considerable sacrifice of the dramatic quality; and if this last and its accompanying qualities be not looked for, we may safely promise the intending reader an ample amount of interest and pleasure.

There is little occasion, as a rule, to discuss a new novel by Mr. William Black, seeing that anybody who ever read one of them—and who has not?—knows precisely what merits and what faults, and, to a great extent, what characters and situations to look for in any other. Only once did he rise above himself, in "Sunrise"—only once fall below himself, in "Judith Shakespeare." "White Heather" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) is very much on the regular lines—a fresh variation on the familiar and always welcome tune. And, this time, it is a genuine variation. Carry Hodson, the girl from Chicago, with both a heart and a head, stamps an individuality upon the novel, in which she is by far the pleasantest figure; and the scraps of original verse wherewith "White Heather" is sprinkled show that Mr. Black has caught, in the most practical way, the spirit of the songs and ballads which he has always been prompt to quote on the least provocation. The poems—which, by the way, have anticipated, by their publication in another form, the novel to which they, of right, belong—are singularly graceful and musical, and possess a quaint charm which is not wholly a reflection of what Mr. Black has admired elsewhere. In the story itself, or for its hero, it is impossible to take any particular interest. But then Mr. Black's readers care nothing for stories or for heroes. What they require him to give them is a pleasant, not uncomfortably deep-natured heroine, set in a frame of sea and moor. And this he has never given more completely to their contentment than in this Sutherlandshire idyll.

"Aulnay Tower," by Blanche Willis Howard (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.), is sadly disappointing after its author's former work, "Guenn." That was a romance of exceptional originality and power—this is a novel scarcely above the average in point either of merit or of general character. It is a story of the Franco-German War, telling how a fascinating Saxon lieutenant fell in love with a beautiful French countess, in whose château he was quartered; and how, finally, love prevailed over circumstance. It is a slow and laborious tale, with much minute accuracy of detail, and yet but little realism. The German officers converse with one another like schoolgirls, and a *rococo* marquis and an abbé, who seems to be a relic of the era of the *grand monarque*, assist in giving the novel its general shadowy air. To these, and with the same effect, must be added a *soubrette*, who must surely have been copied straight from the stage, where alone her prototypes are to be found. There are some good touches here and there, and the style is excellent; but Blanche Willis Howard's over-ladylike pen is not competent to deal with war and a soldier's wooing.

"John Haile: a Story of Successful Failure," by the author of "Sleepy Sketches" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is an eccentric novel with a vengeance. The first volume promises an ordinary story of a fairly interesting kind. But, in the second, the author assumes the gift of prophecy, and follows the fortunes of his characters through the now imminent nineties well into the next century. The second volume deals largely with the politics, the third with the sociology, of the immediate future. This is exceedingly bold. Anybody may safely romance about a thousand years hence, by which time his predictions will inevitably be forgotten; but many of us may look to see the coming to pass or otherwise of the things here foretold. There is nothing, however, very striking in what we are to expect, beyond a very extensive development of electricity as applied to everyday uses. The general idea is not a bad one, but it certainly lacks imagination in its execution. The best points of the story are its touches of satire, which are unquestionably clever and amusing.

"In the Old Palazzo," by Gertrude Forde (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is a quiet story of the usual pattern, dealing with life in Rome, which is well described for about the ten thousandth time. It affords pleasant reading of a harmless and unambitious kind, such as appears, from the amount of the supply, to be in unlimited demand.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS VII.

"PRETTY maids all of a row" grow in profusion in Miss Kate Greenaway's "Marigold Garden" (Routledge), and probably her many admirers will not quarrel with the artist for giving them exactly the same type of æsthetic being every Christmas. Apart from the fault of repetition, Miss Greenaway's drawings are especially taking this year, whether in her larger volume, or in the miniature

"Almanac for 1886" and the "Alphabet" (Routledge), the latter filled with children at merry play. The dainty forms flitting over the pages of "Marigold Garden" are full of life and grace, notably the dancing girls and the children in the frontispiece, and deserve better rhymes than the accompanying weak jingles. For, though a charming artist, Miss Greenaway is a poor poet, and would be wise to leave the literary portion of her work to other hands.—Now Mr. Caldecott discreetly keeps to his pencil, and prefers to throw new light on old and well-known poems in two fresh picture-books, "Mrs. Mary Blaize" and "The Great Panjandrum Himself" (Routledge). Dull, indeed, is he who fails to enjoy the quiet drollery marking the illustrations to Goldsmith's elegy on obliging Mrs. Blaize, alike in the sly satire of business under the three balls, or the comic view of the King tucking up his Royal robes to follow the bewitching pawnbrokeress. The fun is of a broader character in the second picture-book, where Mr. Caldecott has made positive sense out of the famous nonsense medley, ingeniously converting the great Panjandrum into a pedagogue in cap and gown, most imposing in youthful eyes. Every page sparkles with humour, down to the minutest detail, such as the barber cutting his wedding-cake with a razor; while the trio waiting to be shaved and the disgusted pair looking into the apple-pie are especially laughable. These two latest publications also combine with three of the artist's previous similar works to form "The Panjandrum Picture-Book" (Routledge). Again Mr. Caldecott is busy with the merry side of the subject in depicting "The Owls of Olynn Belfry" (Leadenhall Press), a lively tale of bird-life. The owls are capital, whether dozing amidst their family, or when Papa owl forgets his dignity as the Bird of Wisdom to tread a minuet with the Fairy Queen. As some restless little people, however, prefer making pictures to looking at them, here are more of T. Pym's pretty and useful outlines to paint in "Mother's and Mine" (Shaw), where C. Shaw interweaves hints as to the colouring into her accompanying stories. Or, if the young ones are puzzled what to play at, let them get an idea from "Merrie Games in Rhyme" (Wells Gardner), where the Hon. E. Plunket will show them by picture and direction all sorts of lively pastimes, and give them the music for their songs to boot. This book is a perfect nursery treasure, for it is not only novel and artistically ornamented, but really useful and amusing to children. And Mr. H. Furniss also knows how to amuse the little ones by his rollicking sketches of "Rumps at the Seaside" and "Rumps in Town" (Routledge) to Mr. H. Lennard's bright verses, both pictures and poetry being full of fun.

From human mischief young people pass to fairy tricks in the next trio of books. Probably small readers will be inclined to say with the perplexed personage in the "Bab Ballads," "I know it's very clever, but I cannot understand it," on laying down "Pixies and Nixies" (London Literary Society). For E. M. Shaw's disjointed combination of fairy adventures and lengthy philosophic remarks is decidedly puzzling to the childish intellect, which will return gladly to the old legends re-told in "Three Fairy Princesses" (Marcus Ward). Here Miss C. Paterson is more successful in her smaller drawings than in the coloured illustrations, which are rather rough and over bright. The engravings are much better in "Dot's Diary" (Griffith and Farran), where Mr. Faed supplies the frontispiece to Mr. P. Taylor's pretty short tale of a banished fairy baby.

Early English chronicles, though delightful to the antiquary and the student, are *caviare* to most young people. So, while brimful of chivalric exploits on the Northern Marches, in the reign of Edward III., "Border Lances" (Seeley), by the author of "Belt and Spur," is distinctly dry, too closely reproducing the antique style. Probably most interest will be taken in the illustrations, particularly in the quaint black-and-white grotesques, copied from fourteenth-century MSS.—Modern and real perils, indeed, are far more stirring in the pages of M. Vambéry's Central Asian travels, now brought out in a special boys' edition, "Arminius Vambéry" (T. Fisher Unwin). The work has been judiciously revised to suit juvenile tastes, excluding political and other matter uninteresting to boys; while, in an animated introductory chapter, M. Vambéry gives his own practical experience how perseverance can conquer difficulties. As a present, such a book is worth half-a-dozen extravagant fictions.—True glorious deeds, again, shine in Dr. Macaulay's "Stirring Stories of Peace and War" (Hodder and Stoughton), brief narratives of heroism and adventure in divers ages and countries, from the Retreat of the Ten Thousand down to the Transvaal War and Stanley in the Congo Free State. Certainly the stories might have been arranged in better order, but they are brightly told.—Current events are fairly well recorded in "True Stories of the Reign of Queen Victoria" (Griffith and Farran), where Mr. Cornelius Brown lightly outlines the chief features of English history, dating from the Queen's Accession to the middle of last year. This volume would be useful for the schoolroom; like the clever papers on natural history and scientific subjects, by various authors, gathered together in "Short Studies from Nature" (Cassell). Dealing with such varied themes as snow, comets, the migration of birds, minute organisms, &c., these articles convey much information in a simple, pleasant form, and are rarely too technical to be understood by youthful readers.—Among these more practical gift-books may be included an interesting selection of Scotch historical and legendary sketches, "Tales from Sir Walter Scott" (Bickers), arranged by Mr. W. Dobson from Sir Walter Scott's novels, poems, and historical works, and well illustrated by photographs.—A companion volume, "Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists" (Bickers) is an abridgement of a previous work,

containing complete essays by prominent leaders of modern thought, Carlyle, Lamb, Emerson, Froude, &c. Those writings most suited to young people have been retained, and the work will be thoroughly useful to the student as a model of finished literary style. The portrait of each writer accompanies the essay.

A pile of Messrs. Shaw's story-books form sound and entertaining reading, mostly of strong religious bent. One of the best is "A Tangled Web," wherein Miss Emily Holt returns to her favourite olden days to tell of Perkin Warbeck's attempt upon the English throne. The writer has well studied conflicting authorities, and produces an excellent story, but her final chapter on the *pros and cons* of Perkin's identity is superfluous, being merely a repetition of previous statements in the tale. Girls in their teens will like Miss Everett Green's interesting novelette, "Her Husband's Home," or the more sober picture of filial duty, "Margaret Casson's Resolve," by E. C. Kenyon. Boys have their turn in the rather grim and prosy sketch of a lad's life, "Worth the Winning," by C. Horrabrook, or the cheerful school episodes of "Sent to Coventry," by M. L. Ridley, whose taking young hero is well matched by the bright boys of Miss Brodie's "Five Minutes Too Late"—a warning against delay—and by Miss Shaw's agreeable tale of a large family improved by trouble, "On the Cliff." The seaside and lost children form a favourite combination of themes, for not only does C. E. Irvine's "Dick Elliott" duly find his relatives after a rude apprenticeship to a seafaring career, but sweet little Marigold of Mrs. Stanley Leathes' "Afloat" is also restored to her parents to end happily a brisk record of fisher life. Midge, the heroine of "The River Waif," remains a waif to the end, but the interest here lies in Miss C. Cross's graphic representation of life among the rough waterside population of old Gravesend. With its pathetic close this tale is distinctly out of the common, and well worth reading.—Again, the struggles of the children of the Great City are plainly and impressively put in "Us Three," by "E. A. B. D.," containing lessons of boyish industry and honesty; in the various stories of L. T. Meade's "Faithful Friends" (Isbister), and Annie Lucas' "Dot" (Hodder and Stoughton), a lovable gutter-child, whom T. Pym's pencil idealises much beyond a street Arab. The artist is far more at home with prosperous little ones.—Among collections of short tales Mr. T. Archer pleasingly draws town and country boys and girls in "Little Tottie" (Blackie), and Mrs. Garnett pathetically relates the trials of "Three Little Heroes" (Isbister), after which small readers will be glad to be cheered by the merry histories of M. Hullah's "Lion Battalion" (Hatchards), or the brief fancies by different authors intended for an audience between four and ten, "Please Tell Me a Tale" (Skeffington).



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—There is decided originality in a song written and composed by Walter C. Smith, music by Ethel M. Boyce, entitled "So She Went Drifting." The same may be said of "Careless Love and Faithful Love," poetry by Thomas Moore, music by Mary Travers.—Pretty and quaint is "Sweetheart, Say?" words by W. Beatty-Kingston, music by Marie Antoinette Kingston.—A vocal duet of more than ordinary merit is "Du Bist die Ruh" ("Thou art my Rest"), words translated from the German of Rückert, by "M. V. W." Of the same refined character is "The Broken Flower," words by Felicia Hemans, translated into the German by Helen D. Tretbar, music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger. Both words and music by Jetty Vogel and C. Swinnerton Heap of "The Promise of the Spring" are to be commended.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Volume VI. of "The Orpheus," a collection of Glee and Part Songs for male voices, contains twenty-seven more or less well-known compositions by ancient and modern composers; it deserves a place in every music library; amateurs and professional singers will do well to procure the whole six volumes.—The steadily increasing fame of A. C. Mackenzie as a composer will ensure a welcome for a neatly got-up volume of eighteen songs from his pen, all of which have been published and approved of by the public in a separate form.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Although we are rather sceptical as to the possibility of mastering the violin unassisted by a professional teacher, a little work, entitled "Hints to Violin Players," by "A Professional Player," will be of great assistance to the student, and, should he be a genius, the best results may be anticipated. The subject of the instrument and its peculiarities, its merits and demerits, are treated exhaustively in this volume (Messrs. Catty and Dobson).—"Ten Two-Part Songs," poetry by Longfellow, the music, composed expressly for the use of classes in schools (boys' or girls' voices), by Francesco Berger, is admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—"A Collection of Hymn Tunes," composed by the Rev. Robert Brown-Borthwick, adapted for the most part to well-known hymns, are, as might be expected, of unequal merit; in some cases it is evident that the original setting haunted the memory of the reverend composer, and was perceptible in his work. There are, however, some tunes worthy the attention of choir masters (Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).

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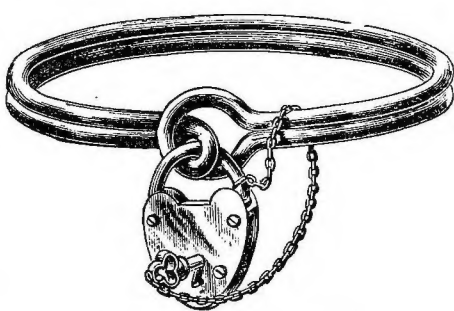
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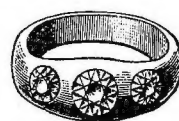
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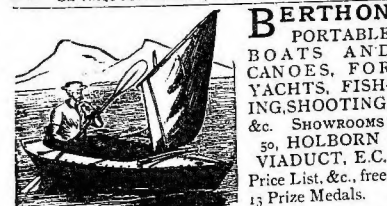
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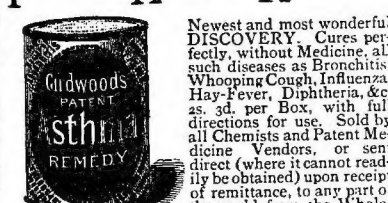
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